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# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 133. [ PUBLISHED  
EVERY MONDAY. ]

WEEK ENDING MAY 20TH, 1911.

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# The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.



No. 133.

WEEK ENDING MAY 20TH, 1911.

ONE PENNY.

## A TIP FOR WALKERS.

### WHY THEY SHOULD BEND THE LEGS.

There is no more important point in strenuous long-distance walking than to keep your legs bent; but there is a right and a wrong way of doing this.

While bending your legs so as to drop the centre of gravity lower, you should be careful that you bend only your *legs* and not your body. Keep your chest forward and your head high.

Thus your trunk itself will be bent forwards, not at the spine, but at the hips, and this will make for increased speed, because the more you incline your trunk, your step has to become longer in order to come up with the centre of gravity and to keep it supported.

It should be understood that the hints do not apply to actual racing, where the rule of fair heel and toe has to be observed; but in a go-as-you-please race, say between a number of men over a long route, it will be found to make for ease and economy of force.

It is, however, a method that needs considerable practice. Begin with short steps, bending forward slightly; and gradually lengthen your stride and the inclination of your body.

You will soon learn the best poise for your particular style.

## CHIRGWIN'S WHITE EYE.

### THE RESULT OF HAPPY CHANCE.

Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, the celebrated "White-Eyed Kaffir," is to be presented with a testimonial in recognition of the fact that it is fifty years since he made his first bow to the public.

It was purely by chance that Chirgwin adopted his white patch.

Brought up to the Christy Minstrel business, he was engaged as a youth to appear at a country fair and gala. After "making-up" he happened to get a fly in his eye, and, not thinking of the consequences, he kept rubbing away at the painful eye, with the result, of course, of rubbing off the burnt cork surrounding it.

He went on to do his turn, and was received with howls of laughter, which puzzled him until he came off.

As his "white eye" had amused this particular audience, he thought it might tickle others, and in this way he soon found fame.

In private life Mr. Chirgwin is a sportsman, a lover of dogs and animals of all kinds, a keen angler, and a pigeon-fancier.

Mr. Chirgwin deserves well of the public, for even in the old very free-and-easy days of the music-hall his "show" was always scrupulously clean.

## CHEEK.

Our learned judges have decreed that a taxi-driver is not a workman. We could have told them that.

Superstitious "deadheads" who want to get in for nothing at the new play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre are understood to recognise a certain ill-omen in the title, "Better Not Enquire."

With regard to the recent exhibition of the "Mystery Painting" at the Doré Gallery, I am bound to confess that I never sausage—I mean saw such—a picture!

Do you know, I have made a discovery. It is that some notable men are not able men.

Appropriately enough, the plot of the new piece at the Comedy Theatre, "Playing With Fire," is distinctly a burning question.

"Another Athletic Split," was the startling headline that greeted dear old Mrs. Footler's gaze in a newspaper recently. "I do hope," she remarked, "that it isn't one of those football draws I've heard such a lot about!"

In reporting the Wells-Hague contest at the National Sporting Club, a Sunday paper states that "the much-talked-of punch of the Yorkshireman was nowhere to be seen." Was this because he had lost his spirits?

"Mr. Balfour's Close Match," is a sub-head in a recent golfing report. Bertie Bonnyboy is so glad. Some prominent statesmen, he declares, have actually been known to wear coats lighter than their trousers!

Why did the cowslip? Because the primrose.

A young woman who was lately found unconscious in a Strand hotel was named Muskett. What made her go off?

OUR UNDERSTANDING JUDGES.—"I have just married my third wife," pleaded a County Court debtor. "No order," said the judge quickly. "You have suffered enough."

The "handy boy" of a yawl that recently had an adventurous pleasure cruise and finally went to pieces was called Death. Possibly the skipper may have observed pleasantly to him as they went aground, "This is very sudden, Death."

No, Wilberforce, the headline you mention, "Trade Union Levies," has nothing to do with "Going to the Jews."

"SIMPLE SIMON."

## A MAN'S SISTERS.

### HOW THEY PROVE USEFUL TO HIM.

The possession, or otherwise, of sisters is bound—although, perhaps, not many men may realise it—to have a far-reaching effect on a man's character.

The man who has none cannot, perhaps, understand as well as another can who has sisters, to what degree a woman can be a pal to a man. A man who has sisters is lucky, too, in that he is far less liable to the shyness and self-consciousness which is wont to attack a great many sisterless men when they are in feminine society.

Not that a sisterless man is unchivalrous to the fair sex—far from it—but the possession of sisters to whom he has had on occasion to act as protector and guardian, is liable to imbue a man with a greater capacity for gentle care and understanding of a woman than he would have had otherwise.

It very often happens that a man with one or more sisters will make a much more considerate husband than a man who has none, for the reason that the former has a much greater insight into the feminine temperament. There are all manner of little actions and doings—quite unintentional—that will annoy a woman; and the man with sisters has the great pull of knowing in most cases what—and what not—to say and do.

## RHYTHM IN ROWING.

### THE FIRST ESSENTIAL OF OARSMANSHIP.

Rhythm is perhaps the greatest sign of a polished crew, and denotes the proportion in the matter of time of the swing forward to the swing back. When a crew is going in good style the sound of the oar rattling in the rowlocks will be in perfect rhythm.

In good rowing the swing forward should always be slower than the swing back, for in swinging back speed is essential so as to get a good way on the boat, whereas the swing forward should be steady for the double reason of letting the boat run and saving the crew's wind.

By the way, it is not everybody who will know the difference between rowing and paddling.

Paddling is rowing in form without working hard; and it is by paddling men learn to row. And what is most heavily impressed on the beginner in paddling is the proportionate rhythm of a slow swing forward and a smart swing back and finish.

It is this rhythm that avoids that most glaring fault of a ragged, weak crew, "bucketing"—otherwise that undue hurrying forward of the body at the start of the swing forward which militates so strongly against the pace of the boat and its steadiness.



# THE "GENTLEMAN JOCK"

## STEPS IN THE MAKING OF AN AMATEUR RIDER.

In the same way that every right-minded man who watches a game of football or cricket would far sooner be playing in one himself, so do nine men out of ten who watch a well-ridden finish on the racecourse wish that now and again they could ride too.

What is more, it is a strange fact that a great many men are unaccountably diffident about any aptitude they may have for riding. They are far too prone to think that riding in a race, even a small local one among amateurs, is a bigger performance than they could ever hope to achieve.

But it is within the province even of the man of the most moderate means to ride in small races; and it is for the benefit of any of our readers who have an ambition in the direction of amateur jockeyship that this article is written.

In practically every rural district there is some annual race-meeting, promoted by the local farmers and small gentry; and almost any man who can ride under 11st. can get a mount in one or more races at such meetings.

It is, of course, presumed that the aspiring "gentleman jock" is acquainted with the ordinary business of riding a gee. The purpose of this article is to give him some sort of insight into the points that go towards the winning of races.

### THE IDEAL TRAINING.

It is only the more lucky of our readers who will be in a position to gain preliminary experience in the most desirable way; for this is to get on the soft side of the proprietor of a training stable, and obtain his permission to ride in his more unimportant training gallops.

If you are a fairly good *light* rider, such a man will often let you, say, bring the field along for a certain distance on an old 'un, and then let the issue be fought out between the two or more who are actually being tested; and in such a way you will get an excellent insight into the way a good rider "sets the pace," "hangs back with his field," "nurses his mount," and many other departments of training tactics.

But, in the case of most men, such opportunities will not be available; so the following hints, given to the writer by one of our most prominent amateur riders, will be of service to the majority of our would-be jockey readers when preparing for or riding in an actual race.

Don't ride in too small a saddle. It is much better in a small race to give a pound or two away and have a conveniently comfortable one.

Don't roll about in the saddle. Sit still and keep your hands low.

### DON'T RIDE FOR THE GALLERY.

One of the greatest faults of the average novice in race riding is a tendency towards riding a "gallery finish." If you are winning, make your way past the post as quickly as you can. Don't wait on your field so as to make a race of it.

The nearer you get to the winning post, the stiller you should sit. If your horse can't win, you can't win for him.

Here, however, is a good tip in the matter of taking your whip to an obstinate gee who won't go all out at the finish. Instead of hitting him in the ordinary way, on the offside flank, bring your whip up and give him a stinger over your left shoulder. It will often happen that a horse will be so taken by surprise in this way that he will forget his sulks and go like steam.

Finally, remember that at the close of a race many an amateur rider who is not often in the



saddle is more "done" than his mount. You should train as carefully as you would for rowing or football. Walk an hour *hard*, every day, smoke as little as possible, and drink beer, in moderation, instead of spirits.

The amateur jockey, especially if he is riding at a meeting where his own friends are likely to be among the spectators, often makes the mistake of giving too much thought to what he looks like.

He would do far better to forget himself entirely, and to devote himself solely to getting as much as possible out of his mount.

It doesn't matter if he looks like a sack of potatoes so long as he gets home first.

Lastly, study a good professional jockey's methods on every opportunity.

R. D. MURDOCH.

## "WINDED."

### AN EXPLANATION OF THE ACTUAL PHYSICAL CAUSES.

When a man has done a training spin over a mile at racing pace, he very often pulls up "winded"; but he is not always aware of exactly what has been the cause of that uncomfortable condition.

First of all, the contraction of a muscle leads to the formation of carbonic acid gas. The muscle derives carbon from the food taken into the body, and the blood supplies it with oxygen taken from the air. When the muscles are called upon to contract more than usually, a larger supply of oxygen or, in reality, an increased flow of blood is required by those muscles.

Consequently, a greater quantity of blood must pass through the lungs for the purpose of absorbing oxygen, and it must also pass at a quicker rate through the tissues to supply that oxygen to the muscles.

Thus it will be seen that the organ that has really all the work to do is the heart, and when this has not been systematically prepared for its increased work it is apt to go on strike, and give its owner that unpleasant feeling of being "winded."

Remember that the heart's muscular tissue, which differs in no way in this respect from other muscular tissue, grows in size and power with increased work. And herein lies a danger that should be considered by every athlete.

Do not throw a sudden strain on your heart. If a strain is exerted on it by easy degrees, as is the case in judicious training, the muscles develop correspondingly in size and strength, so as to be prepared for the increased work. Thus no injury results. But if the strain is sudden and over-violent—as was the case recently at some Freshmen's sports, when a man fell in a faint half-way through the "hundred"—there is grave risk of the heart's walls giving way, and of the entire organ becoming stretched, dilated, and more or less weakened for ever.

"Stitch," a very frequent enemy of cross-country runners, is due to the fact that while out of training a considerable number of the air-cells of the lungs are not used at all, but in a run these are called into action at once; and it is a summons to them when they are unprepared that gives the unpleasant sensation known as "stitch." H. EATON.

## ROWS.

### THE ETIQUETTE OF TEMPER.

In a very early number of THE MODERN MAN I gave the following definition of a gentleman as the finest I had ever heard: "A gentleman is a man who never gives offence *unintentionally*."

There are occasions when a man ought to lose his temper; when he is more than a bit of a skunk if he give the soft answer that turneth away wrath, or if he proffer the other cheek to the smiter.

A gentleman, however, avoids rows so far as is consistent with his honour and manhood.

The row to be avoided above all others is the domestic row before strangers, either in public or in private. You may say that no decent man would have a domestic row in public, but I am not so sure that such quarrels in the streets are confined to the slums.

I remember I was once waiting for a friend at a street-corner at Margate. Near by an elderly gentleman, who, by the look of him, was a retired Army officer, was pacing up and down, obviously out of temper. From time to time he beat on the pavement with his stick and muttered to himself.

Presently two ladies approached. They were I should say, sisters, and one, I judge, was his wife.

They came up smiling, but their smiles changed to dismay when at a distance of about ten yards he let fly a volley of "language" at them and cursed them up hill and down dale, for the unforgivable crime, so far as I could discover, of having kept him waiting ten minutes.

It was very painful, for there were many people about, and quite a crowd collected.

Then there is the domestic row in private. I expect most of you have been through it—not as principals, but as embarrassed onlookers.

The dinner is not up to the mark, the servants make blunders, or perhaps the storm has been brewing all day. You are unpleasantly conscious of a strained, electric atmosphere, and then the spark is fired and the storm breaks.

The situation is more than uncomfortable, and it is uncommonly difficult to know what to do. Interference is usually worse than useless, and simply adds fuel to the flame.

The best plan, perhaps, is to pretend not to notice anything, to make your departure at the earliest possible moment, and to take jolly good care never to go there again.

Rows with servants or other subordinates before strangers are equally to be avoided by the well-bred man; indeed, while it may be necessary to warn, reprimand, or discharge servants, anything approaching a row with them should be avoided. I have just been reading a charming letter written by Robert Louis Stevenson, in which he deplores having spoken sharply to a servant at table, pointing out that she could not answer back, though I fear R. L. S. was not well acquainted with the modern servant—and goes on to abuse himself as a cad for the fact that it took him two or three days to make up his mind to apologise to the girl.

Publicly to "slate" a subordinate or servant is as a rule very bad form, though there are occasions when an outburst of temper is excusable, as, for example, in the case of gross and wilful negligence, direct impudence, or criminal foolishness.

When with ladies you should always, if possible, avoid a row. Say, for example, you are with ladies in some public place, and a man tries to pick a quarrel with you, it is better to keep your temper than to have a scene. Tell him, if you like, that you will be happy to discuss the matter with him in private afterwards, and if he persists in being offensive, report him to the management if it is in a restaurant or theatre.

Of course, if a man insults a lady who is with you, it is difficult to refrain from going for him on the spot, but it is better to wait until you can see him alone. In any case ask the lady to walk or see her to a place of safety before tackling him.

E. H. HILL.

## A SKETCH.

By MAX MAY.

## WHEN

## THE SUN CAME OUT



I do not, of course, know whether you will believe me, as very possibly the sun has not been himself round your way yet, but the morning he came out and gave us all a terrible shock in our district.

I am bound to say that we have seen more of him since, but at the time of which I write we had not seen him since the middle of the winter we enjoyed last July, and naturally began to class him with the Mackintoshes, who have distinctly dropped us since they came into the money left them by their Scotch uncle from Whitechapel.

Annette is my sister. She is also the reason why young Milbury responds so enthusiastically to my invitations to him to spend the week-end under my hospitable roof. If it were not for Annette, I should not have that tobacco-box that Milbury sent me last Christmas, and my tobacco, consequently, could not always be like the remains of a day's chaff-cutting.

I am telling you all this about Annette because she is the one who noticed the sun. It was a bit difficult to do it, but I often think I shall make Annette the heroine of a female Sherlock Holmes story. She can always tell when I kiss her exactly what I have been drinking.

The sun surprised Annette when she was waiting for Milbury and me to come down to breakfast. Suddenly, although it was only the end of April, there was an unusual glare which totally discounted the light of our incandescent burner by which we always have breakfast in the Spring. That flash of golden light flashed the room—I mean, that flash of golden flood lighted the room, and Annette noticed the dust showing on the sideboard!

Now, if you were a housewife, which I suppose you are not, you would realise that this is a sufficient testimonial for any ray of April to make itself perky about.

It is a very marvellous ray of sun that manages to cause no one to become energetic. The immediate consequence of it was that Annette rushed upstairs, banged on the door of the double-bedded room Milbury shares with me, and called out:

"You boys really must get up! Fancy sleeping abed when the sun is blazing into the room!"

Milbury, who was wasting the shining hour in a young man's bestial sleep—so disgraceful in that that was just his luck. Rain was what he wanted for the early crops. His observation of the sun in one eye and Milbury's fat fist with the other. In semi-wakefulness I grappled with him, and in the subsequent struggle I pocketed a doubtful point by tearing the breast-off the pyjamas I had lent him.

After breakfast Annette came down smack on the three-handed solo whist to which we had entertained our guest during the preceding days of his stay. On a lovely morning of course, and enjoy the glorious Spring air, she said. It would be a sin to stop indoors. Milbury said he had some letters to write. Annette said he could do that as well out-of-doors as anywhere. There was reproach in her tone. It seemed that she did not like the poor relation who had come to borrow money.

Milbury was hanged if he was going to sit on the damp grass. Annette said, of course, nothing of the kind was asked of him. We had some camp chairs in the house, she added, haughtily.

That's just the worst of Annette. She is

apt to make too much of a parade of things that are hard either to fetch or fix. Our camp chairs are like that. Annette gets all the glory of boasting about them and their striped canvas canopies, while I have to get them down from the loft above my bedroom and nip my fingers in the canopy supports. When I am annoyed with Milbury I have some fiendish satisfaction in the knowledge that one day he will be married to Annette and be forced to risk breaking his neck every time she wants a hammock put up.

In this instance, Milbury offered to help me get the chairs down. When he had got up into the loft and barked his shins on the cross-beams of the ceiling, scraped his knees on the plaster, and fallen into one of Annette's hat-boxes, he said he thought he would be of more assistance if he stopped downstairs and took the chairs from me as I handed them down.

Our loft takes a good many people like that. I often wish I could have got that chap Blondin up there trying to walk a cross-beam over such obstacles as a sewing-machine box, a dressmaker's wire skirt-stand, a few odd Indian clubs and one or two ancient cricket bats—portions of all these things rest on the cross-beams in the most awkward places—and then he would not have bucked himself so much over his Crystal Palace triumph. One false step and your foot goes through the lath and plaster, and your leg is in two apartments at once.

When we had got the chairs down, persuaded the trap-door to come back into its place without bumping anyone's head, and disentangled ourselves from the pulley rope, Annette remembered that her old straw sun-hat was just within arm's reach against the hat-box, so would I mind just being a dear old brotherums and fetching it for her? It is never any use for me to object to being a dear old brotherums—nor was it of the slightest utility for me to point out that Annette's idea of distance was only equalled by her notion of a quarter of an hour when I am late for dinner. I knew when I made the hazardous journey up that creaky step-ladder again that Annette's sun-hat was much nearer the far stack-chimney-shaft than it was to the edge of the trap-door.

When I had rescued the sun-hat, and nothing would induce me to respond to Annette's sudden conviction that the moth had got to her loft-stored tennis-shoes (what should a moth want with tennis-shoes?), we proceeded downstairs in state—as far as I was concerned, a very dusty state it was, too.

After that Milbury had to get his writing materials together. Now, I don't want to disparage Milbury. He is a very good farmer, I believe, and can grumble as well as the best agriculturist, but getting writing materials together is not his forte.

Annette had thought he could write on his knee. Milbury, who is slow-witted, said he

did not see how he was going to sit on his own knee. She explained that what he wanted was a book or something hard to put on his knee so that he could write on it. Milbury hoped it would not be too hard, as his knee was sore enough already.

Annette said she could not stand people who tried to be funny over an obvious thing. She handed him a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. He was to write on that. Milbury observed that he was not cocky about his knowledge. The "Daily Mail" was good enough for him and was less heavy.

So we settled on the "Daily Mail." The next thing was to find a pen for Milbury. I had anticipated this when they were wrangling over the letter-pad. My pens are all well positioned. In this way they assist me to earn my daily standard bread and to keep many a poor printer swearing about me. Therefore, I object to having them hurt.

I have, I may add, frequently seen Milbury write. When he writes he seems to imagine he is in a wrestling competition with the pen, and that the main idea is to get your whole weight on it until the beastly little thing, after a few brave spurts, gives in and smashes at last. It is due to him that I may one day found a society for the prevention of cruelty to pen-nibs.

In this instance I surreptitiously put my pen in one of the drawers of the desk which no one can ever open, once it is properly shut up, without the aid of a hammer and cold chisel.

We settled finally on a cast-iron sort of nib that is one of the heirlooms in our family, and then, having got the writing-paper, the ink, the "Daily Mail," the pen, the three camp chairs, the chair to put Milbury's ink on, and the shabbiest window-seat cushion for Annette, we sallied forth, Milbury assisting us to the extent of forgetting the blotting-paper and having to run back and fetch it.

Still, as Annette said, the beautiful air of the outside and the novel lumination of the sun's rays (you will notice that, if they like, these can be very pretty, if you look out for them this summer) made up for any inconsiderable little fragment of trouble we had taken.

The view of the sun was so affecting that I did not even object to the editorial "we." At great moments one waives self aside.

Annette, anxious not to keep Milbury from writing his business letters, said that we could talk while Milbury did his writing.

We had been sitting down there about half a minute and I had noticed something about the air—I said I thought it was—well, just a little bracing. Annette said it always was in the Spring. That was the best of it. You did not feel you wanted to laze. When, a very short period later, she sent me indoors for her cloak, which was in her bedroom at the top of the house, I frankly agreed with her, and added a few remarks on this point when I returned.

Milbury said we couldn't expect a chap to collect his thoughts if we went on jangling. I said he should give up going in for thoughts and try collecting British early Spring flies and beetles. I had enough up my sleeve and hanging about in my ears and eyelashes to start any novice at the game.

Annette was delighted, and favoured us with a pretty little prose poem about the mightiness of Nature—the tiny creatures instinctively coming out to look at the sun. I said that if its appearance surprised them as much as it did us, no wonder they did, but I wished they would select someone else's ears and eyelids as opera stalls and boxes.

I flatter myself Annette would have laughed at this if an early Spring bee had not buzzed past us. Perceiving Annette, it changed its mind about the daffodil we have growing



in our garden and came back to do a little bit of "zuzooing" round Annette. All bees are like this. They know Annette hates being "zuzooed" round. Yet they insist on doing it. They are the only things that disobey Annette. She says, "Go away, you horrid old thing," and the bee, with the persistency of a rate-collector, does nothing of the sort.

During the proceeding Milbury, who is of the stolid sort, took the opportunity to apprehend a couple of young red-spinner spiders which were walking down his throat, and then proceeded with his letter.

He had settled down manfully to his task, had, in fact, reached "Dear Sir," and put the square chunk at the end which is his class of comma—when—think of it—the sun went in quite suddenly, almost, as Annette said, with a click.

The bracing breeze called out to April that it was all right again now—not likely to see any more of that old fooler's face until the Autumn. Something stinging cold hit upon our faces. . . . When we took the camp chairs in, Annette was most annoyed with us for not brushing the hailstones off first.

## WHAT TO LEAVE BEHIND.

### A HINT FOR HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

How often one has heard the expression, "I need not have taken this; I never used it all the time," in reference to holidays, either long or short.

It requires long practice before one can make the proper selection of things to take and things to leave behind.

To adopt the plan of taking obviously more than is likely to be required of everything is to make luggage an unnecessary burden. This way often means the difference between one and two bags or boxes; and it means that one is carrying about twice as much as is reasonable.

The chief reason why one usually takes so many more things than are necessary is that one seldom realises the true character of the coming holiday, and is apt to make enough plans beforehand to last through a dozen holidays.

These plans must be provided for, and consequently most of us go away with a stuffed kit-bag and perhaps an overflow handbag or portmanteau.

To encumber oneself with such extra baggage is to rob the holiday of much of its freedom. There is double the packing to be done, clothes are spoiled by being cramped into a small space, shirts are crushed, collars crumpled, and the chances are that many things will be lost.

It is wise to leave behind all one's more valuable jewellery, such as dress front studs, gold links, and valuable watches and chains. The recklessness that comes over one when enjoying the freedom of a holiday often results in the loss of these things. They are better locked up at home.

On the one-day expedition a great deal of useless paraphernalia is also carried. We load ourselves up with coats and scarves and gloves and maps that are really only extra burdens.

Sometimes we put a book into our pockets to read at lunch or when we sit down, and we return without having opened the covers.

We find the coat is unnecessary, the gloves in the way, the map unconsulted, and the newspaper which we carefully carried from home is worse than useless. It is quite uninteresting.

There is enough of interest in the new scenes that the eyes are ever meeting, and in the act of walking itself.

It is a far more comfortable feeling to know that you are just fit and have half a crown to spare, than to labour along equipped for a hundred and one emergencies that will never arise.

It is worth remembering, especially on a walking holiday, that a change of underclothing and collars can be bought as cheaply in other towns as in your own.

A. LAMBERT.

# STEALING RUNS

## SLIM TRICKS AT CRICKET.

In these days of short boundaries and well-levelled out-fields, along which the ball travels like lightning, one seldom sees much running between the wickets in first-class cricket. Still more exceptionally does one see the batsmen try for a doubtful run or deliberately set themselves to "steal" singles.

This is a mistake, and the Australians have always cultivated smart running between the wickets. Two men who really understand the art of stealing runs will often succeed in stopping a "rot," and turning a probable defeat into a possible victory.

Clever "stealing" upsets the bowlers to begin with. Runs are being made off them that should not be made, and two or three overthrows added to a bowler's analysis are enough to take the heart out of him.

It demoralises the field, more especially the in-field, by getting the men into a state of high nervous tension, while as stolen run after stolen run is added to the score, the batting side become correspondingly elated and confident.

Sometimes the object is not so much to get extra runs, as to enable a batsman who is well-set and has a duffer for a partner, to keep the bowling.

In either case, however, there are certain essentials to success. To begin with the batsman must be master of the bowling. Run-stealing emphatically is not a game of tip-and-run, where you bolt for your life the moment you touch the ball, regardless of where it is going.

### CLEVER PLACING.

The batsman must be able to place the ball just where he wants to.

A slow wicket is most favourable to stealing runs. The ball gently blocked straight down the pitch or pushed out in the direction of cover-point travels so slowly that the batsmen have plenty of time to cross before the bowler or other fielder can get to it.

Of course, the fielders will try to counteract these tactics by closing in, but the batsman has an effective repartee in suddenly opening his shoulders and letting fly. Runs are most easily stolen in front of the wicket, for, assuming that the non-striker backs up properly, he ought to be certain of getting home, while the fielder will usually have to turn round in order to throw to the bowler's wicket, which means the loss of invaluable time.

This is why the ball which is gently patted back towards the bowler is an ideal one from which to steal a run.

### A SAFE ONE.

The non-striker should have ample time to reach safety before the bowler can get to the ball and throw it to the wicket-keeper, while the bowler has not much chance of picking up the ball, turning round, and throwing down the other wicket before the striker has his bat safely grounded over the popping crease.

If the wicket-keeper goes for the ball in these circumstances, he has first to get round the stumps and then it is quite likely that the bowler will also have started for the ball, and will obscure his aim at the bowler's wicket, or there may be a collision.

The non-striker must, of course, back up every time, though he should be careful not to leave his crease before the ball is bowled.

If he and his partner understand each other, he will know just what the latter intends to do with any particular ball, and in a sense the run is stolen before the ball is actually hit.



A favourite dodge is for the striker to run in to meet the ball, just stopping it, and then dashing on, while his partner, who has backed up so far as to be almost level with him at the moment he hits the ball, careers to the other end.

Mr. C. B. Fry is very clever at stealing runs, though he does not go in so much for it as he used to. The late Johnny Briggs was an expert "thief," quite as clever in sneaking short runs as he was in running out the batsman who attempted a short one when the ball went anywhere near Johnny standing, or rather, dancing about at cover-point.

His favourite trick was to pretend to misfield the ball, turning round as if it had got past him. But the ball was safely in his hands all the time, turning

batsman found to his cost when, round again like lightning and simultaneously throwing the ball, Johnny shot down his wicket and gave the stumper an easy chance to put him out.

Johnny's guilefulness scored further, for on the rare occasions when he did really misfield a ball the batsmen often thought he was "kidding."

### DOUBTFUL TACTICS.

"Slim" tricks there are which are not cricket, as for example, the wicket-keeper appealing for a catch, "stumped," or "run out," and throwing the ball up in the air before the umpire gives his decision, but there are plenty of ways in which a man may be "slim" without being unsportsmanlike.

When things are going badly with a side, it will often pay to send in a left-hander out of his proper turn, with orders to himself and his partner to run as many singles or threes as they can.

The constant changing of the field for the left-hander is apt to upset the fielders, while many bowlers lose their length and direction when opposed by a left-hander.

### JUJULING WITH TIME.

Deliberately to waste time between overs is, of course, unjustifiable, but the skipper of a fielding side, whose only hope is to prevent the batsmen making the runs in time, is within his rights in changing his bowlers every over. This means that the batsmen will have to take fresh ground. The field to be rearranged, and the sight-screens shifted each time, and in this way precious time will be cut to waste.

At the same time, I admit that it is not always easy to draw the line between fair and unfair, wasting of the minutes, and you will never get cricketers to agree on the legality or rather morality of such tricks of the past as deliberately bowling wides or no-balls to prevent the batsmen side from claiming a follow on, or a batsman deliberately breaking his wicket in order to get out, and thus have more time to get the other side out. The rules as regards following on and declarations now make such tactics unnecessary, but their fairness is still hotly disputed.

L. D. TALBOT.

## IMAGINARY MALADIES.

A Camberwell printer recently committed suicide because he imagined he was suffering from cancer. The post-mortem showed that there was no trace of disease.

One of the medical witnesses at the inquest pointed out that many people had hallucinations as to disease, and wasted away from imaginary maladies.

The real trouble with these people is that they have no real troubles to occupy their minds, hence they invent unreal ones.

## WHY A MAN GOES OUT AT NIGHT AND WHAT HIS WOMENFOLK THINK.

It has been said that one of the inherent characteristics of a woman is suspicion, and that the more interested she is in a man, the more suspicious she is as to his actions.

The statement is sweeping and unkind, but there is more than a little truth in it.

The character of a man is essentially different from that of a woman. The things which interest him bore her to distraction, and the things about which she is enthusiastic are regarded by him merely with toleration.

All this is as it should be. The two sexes were made on different lines, and they like each other better if they remain different.

A woman may fail to see why her husband takes pleasure in risking his neck by jumping horses over fences, and if she has ever accompanied him to a football match, she will marvel that that which appears to her so stupid should give him entertainment.

### FEMININE INTERESTS.

So also when they go out for a walk together, he cannot understand why she should desire to stop at every large draper's shop window, and her earnestness in pricing this article and that seems to him to be energy misapplied.

He puts up with it because he likes his wife for dressing well, and for being interested in fashion. It is all so feminine, and he married the woman because she was essentially feminine.

She married him because he was as essentially masculine, and therefore she tolerates his attendance at football matches, at boxing contests, at Territorial drills, and other things, because, although she cannot enjoy them as he does, the fact that he likes them reminds her that he is essentially a man, and the more of a man he is the better she likes him.

Thus far one finds great toleration on the part of a woman towards a man's comings and goings, but this toleration ceases absolutely when the man goes out at night.

**SUSPICION.**  
Then at once feminine suspicion rises to boiling point, and the most loving woman can believe that the man who is dear to her may be guilty of terrible offences if he goes out in the hours of darkness.

The Board School system of educating boys and girls side by side is excellent, because it teaches the sexes to know one another, and it is a pity that the same practice cannot be continued in later life; but it cannot be so, because women are not physically man's equals, and they lack the energy and strength to accompany him on all his expeditions.

The office-worker returns home in the evening tired mentally, but physically very fresh, because he has been sitting still all day. After dinner he wants to get out to stretch those good muscles that nature has given him. He wants to fill his lungs with fresh air, so different in flavour from that which he has been breathing in the office.

### ONE TIRED, THE OTHER FRESH.

His wife has been on foot, more or less, all day. She has been out shopping in the morning, and has probably gone for a walk in the afternoon. Between times she has been running up and down stairs, doing household work or giving directions to her servants, according to her station in life; but however she has spent her day she has covered many miles in one way or another, and in the evening she thinks that nothing could be nicer than to sit down and read a newspaper or a book, or to have a chat.

Her husband, longing for a little exer-

cise, suggests that she should go with him for a walk, but she is too tired.

If they are newly married, it is probable that he gives in to her wishes and remains at home, breathing the semi-consumed air of a gas-lit sitting-room, almost exactly like the air he has been breathing in his office, and reading or talking, or in some other way doing mental work similar to that which he has been doing during the day. He submits to all this for the love of her, but eventually the man within him cries out for an opportunity of being natural.

### A CRUISING CONSENT.

A walk, and a good hard one at a swinging pace, is precisely what he wants. He asks his wife if she will go with him, and she refuses. He asks whether she will mind if he goes for a walk by himself. She consents, and probably when she hears the door close behind him she weeps, supposing this to be the end of matrimonial happiness.

Immediately there crowds into her mind a vision of all the temptations of the world, temptations in which her husband has not the faintest atom of interest. She feels certain that he must possess some dark secret, that he must love another, possibly even that he has been a base deceiver, and that he keeps another home.

And all the time the poor innocent victim of these thoughts is stretching his legs along the high road, and thinking what a good thing it is to forget the making of money, and to be for an interval a plain ordinary natural man, conscious of the pleasure of exercising his muscles, and supremely unconscious of those problems with which he has occupied his mind earlier in the day.

### WIVES, SISTERS, MOTHERS.

These statements are not overdrawn, as will be admitted by any man who has women-folk.

The suspicion regarding what a man does when he goes out at night is not confined to the married woman. The sister suspects her brother, and the mother suspects her son, even if she does not voice her suspicions. A man, being absolutely innocent of any evil intent, has no reason to suppose that his womenfolk are suspecting him, but he very soon discovers it by the pointed questions they ask him next morning at breakfast time, as to where he went and so forth.

These questions are put in a way that shows that they are not merely part of a friendly conversation, but have something of the nature of cross-examination. What happens afterwards depends upon the man and upon the woman.

### THREE COURSES.

Perhaps he tells her not to be silly, and shows her the advantage that it is to him to have a breather after the day's work.

Perhaps he gives up going out at night, and remains at home with his wife, feigning interest which he does not feel in her account of what the butcher's messenger said to her, and what she observed of her next-door neighbour, and of the slight compliment that was paid to her, apparently quite unintentionally, by one of the servants, whose wages she proposes to raise next month in consequence.

Perhaps the man takes a third course, and, resenting suspicion, freezes up and continues his goings out at nights, but refuses absolutely to give any account of them or to be questioned about them.

If that be the course he takes, feminine sus-

picion increases to certainty, and the woman consoles herself with the thought which, strangely enough, she finds comforting, that she is a queen of tragedy, a gentle, good woman, who is married to a really bad man.

Often a man goes out at night because at his club he can obtain new business, but more often he goes simply to refresh his mind and to exercise his body. In either case he is doing a good thing for himself, and therefore for his womenfolk. But that, apparently, is a thing that a woman will never understand.

### SITTING UP FOR HIM.

One of the most loving wives that the writer knows has absolute trust and confidence in her husband, but when he goes out at night she always makes a point of sitting up till he comes back.

He is a man who is extremely temperate and straight-going, and she knows this. She does not suspect him, but she puts this tacit check upon the hour of his return, for it makes him feel a brute if he gets home late and finds her sitting up for him, patiently, and cheerfully, but wearily.

It is stupid of her, because these late expeditions of his are to a political club where he secures many introductions to influential people, through whom he obtains additional business.

In a matter like this there is no sort of cure. Men are men and women are women. Each have their strong points and each have their weak, and each have some points on which there will never be mutual understanding, and the going out of a man at night is one of the things that a woman never will understand.

### GETTING YOUR OWN WAY.

One philosopher has said that you should never on any account contradict a woman, but that you should agree with her on every point, and then take your own way without argument or opposition, expressed or silent.

That may be described as a masterful course, and women, as a rule, like masterful men, just as men like feminine women.

The man who goes out at night for the purpose of dissipation is a fool, and the women dependent upon him may be regarded as unfortunate, but such a man is an exception.

The average man likes to get out at night because he wants a change from being indoors. If his wife is athletic enough to accompany him for a good sharp walk, well and good, but if not, he should at least give her an invitation to do so, and should console her for his absence by bringing some sweets or a bunch of violets home to her on his return.

C. WOLFF.

### "THIRD MAN."

With the exception, perhaps, of wicket-keeping, no position on the cricket field demands greater activity and skill than that of "third man."

A really good "third man," such as was John Tunnicliffe in the past, or such as is A. O. Jones in the present, will save no end of late cuts that would otherwise have gone for four, and get to catches that it is seemingly impossible for him to reach.

"Third man" should not only be a sure catch, but particularly quick at returning the ball, for he has many chances of running out a hesitating batsman.

He is the one fielder who may safely disobey the general rule of always returning the ball to the wicket-keeper, for if he is really smart he will get many chances of running out the batsman at the bowler's end when he has backed up too far, or had his call for a short run refused.

"Third man" should also be good in the long field, for to save the trouble of changing over he generally goes long-on when the bowling is from his end.

## SPORTS LIGHTER SIDE

## A BUNCH OF ANECDOTES.



A tendency to take sport, and, indeed, everything, ourselves included, too seriously is characteristic of this age.

Many men have given up golf simply because as played nowadays it is not so much a pastime as a penal exercise.

However, it is not my intention to moralise, but to try to recall some experiences of the lighter side of sport.

Golf affords a convenient "take off," for despite its growing solemnity it still abounds

in humour, more especially unconscious humour. Do you know the story of the *nouveau riche* who, having taken to golf, wrote presently to his wife at home that he had got all the necessary implements of the game, including a *bunker* for his own private use?

It may be that he meant *locker*, but I prefer to think that by the power of his money-bags he had bought "Hell" at St. Andrews, or "The Cardinal's Nob" at Prestwick, and I hope he enjoyed his purchase.

Golf is a convivial game, at least after play is done, and the best bibulous story is of the player who deliberately tried to putt through a large black retriever dog lying between him and the hole. When asked what he meant by it, he replied apologetically that he did not know it was a real dog.

I remember Harry Vardon telling me an amusing story of his tour in America. A bevy of reporters was told off to attend his first match. One of them who knew nothing of golf arrived late, and borrowed a friend's "flimsy" to write up his own story.

## GOING ONE BETTER.

To him, such expressions as "Vardon lipped the hole for a half," "Vardon had a long putt for a half" were absolute Greek. He concluded that a "half" must refer to half a dollar. He thought the amount unworthy of the occasion, and his paper came out with the interesting information that "Vardon lipped the hole for fifty dollars," "Vardon had a long putt for a hundred dollars," and so on.

Joseph Coyne, of "Merry Widow" fame, is an ardent golfer, but according to himself his execution does not march with his enthusiasm. He has made affidavit that on one occasion he spent fifty-four minutes in a bunker. On another day he took six and a half hours to complete the circuit of the Stoke Poges links. He says it is a very nice course when you are on it, but his opinion of the surrounding country is quite unprintable.

## CRICKET HUMOUR.

A type of cricketer who is a perennial joy to me is he who takes twenty minutes to get his block, and twenty seconds to get out again. He is not unknown in big cricket, but you find him mainly in the parks.

Park cricket abounds in humour. Mr. Frank Reynolds, the well-known black-and-white artist, who is a keen cricketer, tells these stories:

A batsman who had made about 150 was at last bowled. As he neared the pavilion someone asked him what the bowling was like. "Simply unplayable—simply unplayable," was the answer.

On another occasion a visiting team included a player who ostentatiously displayed a bat almost covered with silver plates recording the mammoth scores he had made.

When he came in the fielders prepared for some leather-hunting. The first ball, however, a very

fast one, hit him an almighty crack on the knee, and in response to a howl for l.b.w. the umpire raised his finger.

On his way home the discomfited and sorely bruised batsman passed close to Mr. Reynolds, who was in the out-field. As he did so, he said in a low, fierce voice, "And I did think I was playing with gentlemen."

In my younger days I often used to play cricket with a lunatic asylum—against, not *for*. It was quite exciting.

They had one bat who was quite good when "set," but liable to be "popped" first ball. When this happened he would fling the bat at the bowler's head, tear up the stumps, and try to garrotte the wicket-keeper.

There is a certain grim humour, too, in chasing a homicidal maniac who has bolted with the ball under the impression that it is the Koh-i-noor diamond, and is not to be persuaded to give it up at any price.

## A TRIFLE PREJUDICED.

I remember an exciting match in the country. Our opponents were wanting two to tie, three to win, last man in.

"How's that?" yelled the bowler, appealing for a close thing for l.b.w.

"Hout!" said the umpire, "and I've won two bob." As I was the bowler in question, I fear I was not so shocked as I should have been.

I remember playing cricket at Dublin, and arranging with a Trinity College friend to dine and do a theatre afterwards. On arriving by appointment at his rooms I found him pacing about in his shirt-tails, the air fairly blue with "language."

During one of his coherent intervals I learned that neither his evening-dress trousers nor his faithful servitor were to be found. Here was a pretty go, and it looked as if I should have to return and change into tweeds.

## UNABASHED.

Just then we heard steps on the stairs, and looking out we saw the aged retainer clambering up them, very visibly drunk. He was wearing



what looked uncommonly like a pair of evening dress trousers, which closer inspection revealed them indeed to be.

"You scoundrel!" cried Dick; "you've got on my trousers."

"To be sure an' I have an' all," retorted the antediluvian henchman, quite unabashed. "An' begobs," he continued, striking an attitude and slapping his thigh, "it's the first toime they iver had a rale man's legs inside o' thim!"

We dined in tweeds.

## DISCRETION.

Serious as is the business of the boxing-ring, has its lighter side. Mr. Hugh D. McIntosh is fond of telling this story:

In a third-rate contest one man was hopelessly outclassed, and, bruised, bleeding, battered, he tottered about the ring. His second, however, was still hopeful. "Go on, Bill," he shouted, "go on! It's a million to one on yer, a million to one on yer." And out of the corner of his twisted mouth the weary pugilist replied over his shoulder, "Ere, Jim, don't yer fink I'd better stop *while I'm winning!*"

Arthur Bullock, the well-known coach-guard, tells a story of a party of gentlemen he once accompanied to Epsom. They were a lively lot, and punished the fizz heavily. In one race there were only two runners. One jockey wore a black jacket, the other a white one. They passed the post pretty close together, and one of the party asked another what had won. "Blowed if I know," was the answer, "but I—hic—rather think the piebald jacket has it."

## BILLIARDS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Melbourne Inman, who recently put up such a good fight against Stevenson for the Billiards Control Championship, has some good yarns of his travels round the world.

At one place the table on which he had to play sagged and shook visibly if you laid your hand on it, while on another occasion they wanted him to play on a table the billiard spot of which was three inches out of position.

The climax was reached when a wild cat came in through the open window, jumped on the table, and spat at him when he was making a run of nursery cannons.

NORMAN FRASER.

## WASTED EFFORT.

The fact has recently come to light that no less than 1,500 attempts have been made to improve the present form of the umbrella.

The umbrella is a simple contrivance which cannot be bettered, and inventors who try to do so are only ploughing the sand.

It is almost tragic that so many active brains should work without a useful purpose.

## WHEN A MAN SAYS:

## YES.

"Will you have a drink?"

\* \* \*

"You look a bit seedy. Would you like a fortnight's holiday on full pay?"

\* \* \*

"A registered letter for you, sir. Will you sign at the foot of this form please?"

\* \* \*

"I regret, sir, that my dog has killed your cat. Will you accept five pounds for it?" (N.B. The cat is a stray, brought in overnight.)

\* \* \*

"Your tooth, sir, is very firmly imbedded, and likely to be painful. Will you have gas?"

\* \* \*

"Here is the 'War Cry' to read while you wait. But perhaps you would prefer THE MODERN MAN?"

## NO.

"Will you lend me a shilling?"

\* \* \*

"Will you oblige me by accompanying my eldest sister on a shopping excursion?"

\* \* \*

"We are short-handed. Will you work overtime from six to twelve? Our rates are a penny an hour."

\* \* \*

"Your mongrelly bulldog has torn the seat of my little boy's trousers. Are you going to offer compensation?"

\* \* \*

On a rough Channel passage. Come down and have some pork and pudden, sir?"

\* \* \*

"The lawn wants rolling, the dog must be washed, the stair carpet must be relaid. Will you free this evening?"

A TERRITORIAL  
EPISODE.By JOHN HILARY  
GARRATT.

## TROOPER KERNAHAN'S GROOM



Down in the hollow of the hillside pasture Troopers Kernahan, Stephen, and Carteret ostensibly under that most easy-going of non-commissioned officers, Sergeant Hall, lounged on the velvety turf. Above them a late May sun shone in a speckless sky.

"Phew!" said the prone Trooper Stephen, "I've toasted that side. I must do the other a bit now."

He tilted back his peak-cap off his head, made a cup-pillow of his hands, and proceeded to study the cloudless blue. Trooper Kernahan, with the foresight of an old campaigner, had selected a sheltering furze-bush.

"No fault to find with anything in the world," he said, drowsily. "Who was that talking of route marches? Everything in the cabbage patch is flourishing, including the caterpillars. Carteret, my boy, you turned up your Grecian nose at this excellent furze-bush, but there are more ways of avoiding the prickles than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Your cloak, which in your absent-minded way you strapped on your saddle this morning, is absolutely furze-proof. . . . No, please don't go deranging my dinner with your fragile form. Troopers of eight years' standing are to be admired and not sat on."

Trooper Carteret desisted from putting a vague imitation of the half-Nelson on his brother trooper.

"Really too much trouble, you old elephant," he said.

"Stodgy lot of blighters!" said Sergeant Hall from behind a big pipe. "You seem to imagine this outpost work was devised by the excellent Major Devine to provide you all with a rest cure. When are we retracing our way to the Home for irreclaimable slackers?"

He chuckled his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the four-mile-distant camp.

"That remark," Carteret put in disgustedly, "is from our bloated Sergeant. Wouldn't any regiment be ashamed of it?"

"I know. Disgraceful, isn't it?" said Kernahan. "Boys, I vote you energetic fellows shake the beggar up into some sense of his responsibility."

"If you do," said the Sergeant warningly, "I'll have every blighter court-martialled. I presume you've all heard the Army Act read out?"

"We've been present," Carteret amended. "Last time I whiled away that dull half-hour tossing young Leader for ha'pennies. We were at the far end of the then blue and yellow line. Come on, Kernahan, let's scrag the bargee."

"Worst of you attenuated people," said Kernahan, regretfully, "is that you can't keep still for two minutes on end."

"You'll have to bring in your sword, Kerny, my boy," said the Sergeant. "And every little button will be pulled off your coat, and the stripes" (he winked) "removed from your arm."

Trooper Kernahan half rose.

"Oh, let him off," he said. "I'm thinking entirely in the Regiment's interest, Carteret. It's not a case of cowardice. It's long odds (in your parlance) against 'em finding another man with the distinguished initials 'A. K.' to take over my sword—"

He broke off suddenly and listened critically.

"Steady, the Buffs!" he said. "Someone coming up wind, over the other side of the hill."

"Horses!" said Sergeant Hall, quickly.

His little contingent had fallen into ship-shape order in far less time than it takes to tell. Not a trace of weariness showed even on the face of Carteret. In the ordered, if grotesque, line of a fatigue party, they fell into step and made for the place where their horses were tethered.

Now the figure of a civilian showed on the sky-line—evidently a farmer or a farmer's son. He waved his big hand.

"Tha's all right, boys," he called out in the broad language of Blankshire. "Don't you get worryin' about me. I spotted ye a half-hour ago havin' your rations. Thought you'd like somethin' to wash 'em down."

He held out a large can which a man less cute than Sherlock Holmes might have suspected as containing beer.

"Bully!" exclaimed Sergeant Hall, in a manner reminiscent of his reputed Australian ancestry. "Right about turn, boys. Now that the line of battle is presumably rolling miles away from us, surely we are of as much use here as showing visitors, full of foolish questions, round the camp."

"Ah, but think of our reputation for courtliness," said Carteret.

"I note you never get any of the old geysers in tow, though. Always something in dreamy pink or transparent blue, with eyes to match," Sergeant Hall observed.

"Just now the word is Wine, not Women," said Trooper Stephen, accepting the can proffered by the stranger when they had settled in their daisied dell again. "Your very good health, sir, whoever you may be!"

The young man laughed heartily, and, in brotherly fashion, dealt out to Trooper Carteret such a smack upon the back as almost cut that gentleman in two.

"Listen to this, my old bucks," he said. And he gave the call of the King's Own that was born with the Regiment's first Squadron.

Now there is a peculiarity about that call which takes a deal of practice before it is actually mastered.

"Half note's there," said Hall critically. And he held out his hand.

"The King and the King's Own," he said in the almost Masonic formula of identification of an ex-comrade-in-arms. The stranger replied with the countersign.

"Ex-Trooper Arthur Klick of 'A' Squadron," he added. "Left my mark on the Regiment, I did—on one of the swords, at least. Perhaps you've seen it kicking about, eh? 'A. K.' just on the toe of the scabbard. Shows up lovely if you polish it. The old Quartermaster-Sergeant at headquarters, where they deal out the accoutrements, told me—oh, some years ago—that a sure nut had it served out to him just after me. Said it was funny how a certain class of chap seemed

to come in for the same things. I was a bit of a practical joker myself, and so, I understood, was

this chap.

"Carteret," said Kernahan, commandingly, "cut along."

Without further words Trooper Carteret departed and returned with the sword.

"That fits the Q.M.S.'s description to the backbone," said ex-Trooper Klick. "'Masterful young beggar' was what he said."

"Otherwise known as a lazy blighter," said Carteret. "We humour him sometimes, that's all. He has to sweat a bit on our account very often, though."

Kernahan presented the toe of the scabbard to the dispenser of good ale.

"Recognise it?" he asked.

"Rather. What's that about the groom? I've heard fragments. The Q.M.S. said you were like me in many respects. But you must be smarter. I got, practically, speaking, chucked out for making that monogram, while you—you led a member of the Fourth Estate a bit of a dance, didn't you? We were mostly kow-towing to 'em when our little show started at the first camp."

Kernahan nodded.

"Yes, and they paid it back by dubbing us, in so many words, dandies and feather-bed soldiers," he said. "Well, that was under the old régime. P'raps we deserved it. But we won a pretty big pot that year just to show our efficiency, and then we made up our minds that we'd flay the first ink-slinger we caught hold of—even if his boots were filled with permits from the Colonel."

"We'd show 'em we'd got hefty arms under our yellow-cuffed sleeves. If they intended to sneer at our Wellingtons because they shone like patents on parade—well, we'd give ample proof that we could kick with 'em. See?"

"The officers—and thank heaven we always had gentlemen for officers—just put up the bar in the politest manner possible. For political reasons the Press would not be invited to our manoeuvres. Savvy? It was the reproof. We turned what had hitherto been the Press tent at camp into as nice a little concert room for star artistes as you could wish to see. That was at Brynhilton, you remember, Stephen?"

"The merchant who came knocking at the tent flap when you were obliging with the 'Old Shako'?"

"Yes. He had spectacles," Kernahan continued. "Spectacles and big bumps on his forehead. Hair cropped in a way any man with half an optic could have seen was not usual. It didn't agree with being parted at the side. And that's the chap who presented himself to us at our first camp and said that he was hard up. Knew about horses. Wanted to act as our groom—or any odd job like that. That showed right off he was no greener."

"He said he'd walked into our camp by chance on his way from London. We lay well off the main road, I may remark, and in any case, as we were the only Yeomanry crowd allowed grooms about that time, it struck one of us—Hall, I think it was; he was a captious corporal then—that there was more in him than met the eye."

"Just at that time all Fleet Street was committing petty thefts in order that they might write soul-searing prison articles. We considered that possibly we'd dropped on an off-shoot in the Iniquities-of-the-Inefficient-Dogshooters line. We were getting pessimistic as a nation, too. The old song about having the ships, the men, and the money too,

was beginning to be parodied or sung with a bracketed question-mark at the end.

"So we engaged him at the absurdly low figure he asked, hoping against hope to recover it from the Regimental Fund. Stephen guaranteed the show on the strength of a twenty-first birthday, and we delivered our man—called himself Brown in anticipation of the turn to which he intended to do us—over to little Merrick, our official groom, who promised to put him through the whole routine, leading off with a stable-wash at a pail by way of a start (and the weather wasn't breaking its heart to rival the tropics, either, just then).

"Concerned lest he should find it a little bit hard to sleep on the far from swansdown Government mattress such as is weighed out to the grooms' tents, Merrick saw that he didn't get much chance to go to bed too wide awake for the rest of the day. There wasn't a disused and rusty shoulder chain in the Q.M.S.'s black box that Merrick didn't haul out and set him to clean.

"He was let off with an appreciative 'not so bad' from Merrick at about 10 p.m. And then he was politely told he could go to sleep.

"Without a quaver our man curled up, and inside two minutes he was dead off. Merrick went up town then for the purpose of moistening his clay, and returned at about twelve o'clock—to find a light burning in the grooms' tent, and Master Brown as wide-awake as you please engaged in what he called 'writing to his mother.'

"As ordered, on the appearance of anything strange in the demeanour of our employee, Merrick came and reported to our tent—the first Liberty Hall.

"His mother, it seemed, lived somewhere in the vicinity of Carmelite Street, E.C.

"Then he is a little Imagination Merchant," said Hall, examining the pretty printed envelope that Merrick had deftly annexed from underneath his stable companion's pillow. "Now what's the line?"

"Just then we were, ourselves, getting a little bit fed up with the old system. Some of us were cursed with consciences. Those that were not unduly troubled in this direction were saddled with the zeal of first-year men. As a Regiment we were, from the journalist's point of view, too painfully efficient to be written of as typical of the old Volunteers."

"We're giddy reformers," I took it upon myself to say," Stephen chipped in.

"I think Hall cuffed me for it. And I voted we should give this wielder of the thing that is mightier than the sword all the opportunity we possibly could of putting the Volunteers properly in the pillory. 'We shall then have,' I said, 'fewer drawing-room ornaments like old Hall swanking 'emself to death on Regimental Ball nights.'"

Sergeant Hall smiled lazily.

"I caught you a stinger with my whip then—didn't I?—right across a safe and certain part."

"Yes. But you fell in with the idea. It was non-coms' day in the morning. You were taking out recruits for a little bit of cross-country riding on the morrow. You affected to be something of a horseman, I think."

Sergeant Hall choked, as the memory of the event came back to him.

"Lordy!" he said. "I shall never forget that little troop that turned out a half mile beyond camp. (We did not wish to send our good Colonel's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.) Yet, you see, Mr. Klick, we were anxious that our Imagination Merchant should have every opportunity. So what do you think—"

"We got a mount for him and told him to hang about on it until the corporal whistled for it. Think—a spare mount for a Corporal of 'B' Squadron. For swank, the

Quorn wasn't in it," said Kernahan, taking up the tale. "You should have seen that crew. They were, on their return, dubbed 'All's 'Orrible 'Orse by the funny men of the Regiment, and they deserved all the other little adjectives that were ladled out to them.

"I shall never forget 'em. We weren't ever encouraged to make caricatures of ourselves, as you might say, but on this occasion Max Beerbohm couldn't have seen us in a more grotesque light.

"The corporal himself was a giddy Bundergee Bazoo in a full-dress helmet and plume, gorgioso trappings on his quad—and a pair of slacks! Some of the other young gentlemen had turned out in undress tunics and Newmarket-cut riding breeches. Stephen, I remember, had on a pair of fatigue trousers stuffed into a pair of old cloth leggings. I had entered into the spirit of the thing with a bowler hat, cut-away coat, flaring

waistcoat, and regimental riding breeches and jack-boots.

"Hall's spare mount, I may add, was the carrier's nag, pressed into service at an exorbitant figure and not what you might call precisely at home as a saddle horse. But I had gathered that our employee, who was no end of a threepence-a-liner when he was on the safe side of Temple Bar, had stuck on elephants out in Africa in the interests of the sensational Press. He wasn't going to flinch at a little thing like a cow-gee.

"Well, perhaps you've seen a set of Lancers where only one couple knows the figure. That was a rhythmical dream compared to our little stamp-round that morning. I'm glad our Sergeant-Major wasn't present. He'd have chucked us all there and then and probably sat down in the middle of the uncertain circle and wept bitter tears.

"Now and again coarse jests would be flung across to our commanding riding-master, and the orders to form half-sections or sections were executed vice-versa fashion.

"Wheeling from sections into line was accompanied with such closing up and banging of knees and rifle butts as would have convinced any one in the know of the deep-rooted *esprit de corps* that influenced our little band of reformers.

"All this time Brown, perspiring like an unfit racehorse, watched it through his crazy spectacles, drinking it all in—this exhibition of what the taxpayer was weighing out of his hard-earned money for—this gay oratorio of hopeless outsiders that would have disgraced a novices' class at a riding-school."

"You could see him fairly aching to get at pencil and paper and dash this off," Stephen broke in. "When we concluded at a getting (apparently) hopelessly drunk at a wayside inn while he sweltered outside, we saw all in his eyes that came out in leaded type in what was evidently his paper."

"He didn't stop to draw his two days' wages. He just disappeared! He had enough data to go on to fill a paper, I think. The headlines alone, I remember, ran to six inches across two columns like an edition of the 'New York Herald.' 'The Vacillations of the Volunteers.' 'The Fantasias of the Feather-bed Fighters.' 'Wasters on the Warpath.' And it was by 'Our Special Correspondent,' who described it all in detail, even to old K.'s bowler hat—everything except the actual name of the Regiment—in dead seriousness."

"And the dear old British public took it in every word. . . . I may say, Mr. Klick, that when all the different girls old Hall runs find out about each other, his correspondence is what you might call thick with it, but, according to all the leading Sweet Pea advertisers of the period, it was a maiden's sigh compared with the post-bag (chock full of letters from Indignant Taxpayer and Co.) of the poor Secretary of State for War."

## TOPPING A BALL.

### A TRICKY GOLFING DEVICE EXPLAINED.

Many a man who habitually tops a ball when driving at golf—that is, fails to hit it square in the centre—may cure himself as a result of reading this story about Ben Sayers, the famous North Berwick professional.

A player, whom we will call Jones, came to him one day in utter dejection, with the complaint:

"I don't know what's the matter with my game, Sayers. I topped every shot this morning, and I can't for the life of me think why."

Sayers tee'd a ball carefully, saying: "I'll give you a box of balls, sir, if you can manage to top that ball. It's a difficult one."

Put on his mettle, Mr. Jones fixed the ball with his eye and—made a beautiful straight drive, simply because he had, for this once, followed the most important of all the maxims of golf, namely, to keep his eye on the ball.

## THE OFFICE DESK.

### WHERE METHOD IS USEFUL.

One is not infrequently exhorted in the "secrets of success" type of book to keep one's office desk tidy.

Now I have been in a good many offices and I think I could count on the fingers of one hand the number of desks that could have been called tidy. The thing is impossible. It only means that time is devoted to "tidying up" which might more profitably have been devoted to work.

The great essential is to know where to find things and method is more important than superficial tidiness.

The man who works at a roll-top desk with a number of pigeon-holes before him is at a great advantage.

The first sketch shows simple little examples of method. The divisions between the pigeon-holes provide an excellent place for keeping

spring letter clips where they are always at hand, while the man with a short memory should make a point of keeping a note of any engagements or memoranda pinned up in front of him and always in the same place.

Many office workers have to keep pins, paper-fasteners, and such small things about on their desk. If these are all kept in separate boxes they are more likely to get upset or mislaid as well as taking up more room.

Sometimes a small box can be fixed inside a larger one or a Z-shaped division of cardboard can be pasted in so as to divide the box as illustrated.

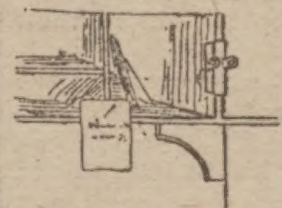
Among the other things that one frequently wants to find in a hurry is the date.

A good plan for keeping this prominently marked is that suggested in the sketch.

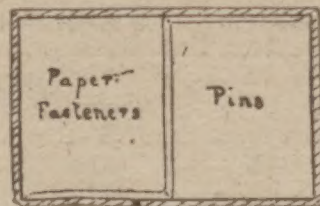
Fix a piece of wire horizontally across the calendar of the month, clipping it on by bending it at the ends, and on this wire fix a piece of brown or coloured paper or cardboard of the shape illustrated.

The wire will only require shifting once a week, while the cardboard mask must be set every morning, so that the date of the day shows in the centre while the two "wings" mask the figures on either side.

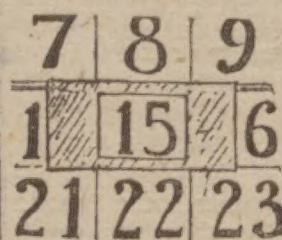
H. ROWLANDS.



How to keep memoranda before your notice, and letter clips out of the way.



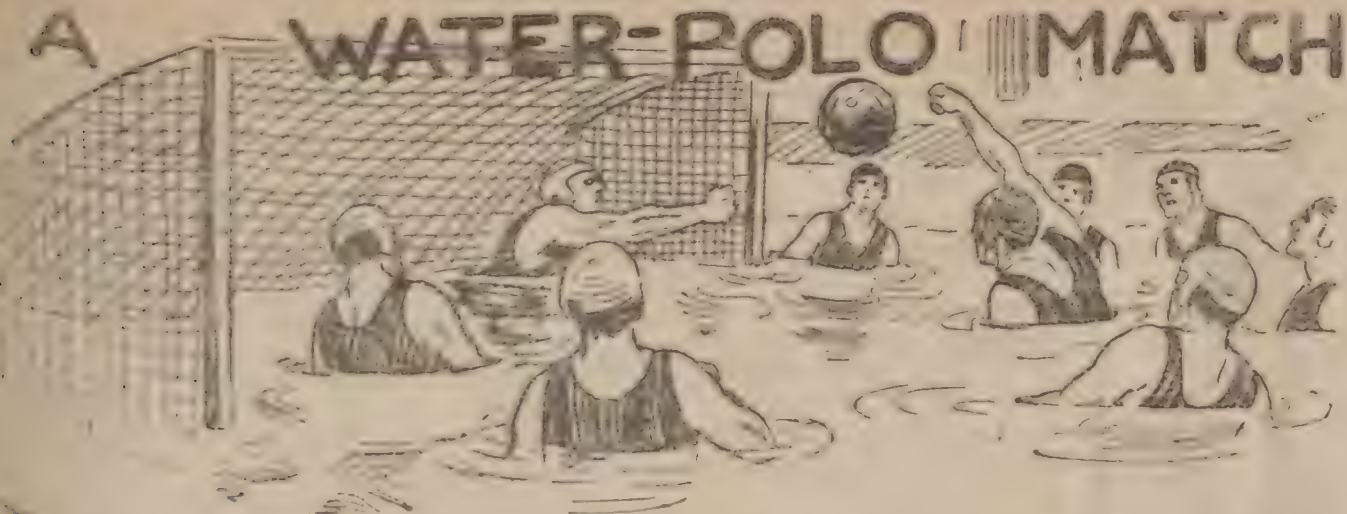
A method of dividing a box that is often useful.



A contrivance for marking the date.



## A WATER-POLO MATCH



## THE GAME DESCRIBED, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF WHAT A PLAYER MAY AND MAY NOT DO.

The term water-polo is rather misleading, for at polo, of course, a stick is used to propel the ball, whereas at water-polo the hand only is used.

However, what's in a name? And if water-polo in many of its features closely resembles Association football, none but an Irishman would describe a game that is played with the hands only as football.

Perhaps the simplest way of giving you an idea of water-polo, if you do not know it, will be to describe an imaginary match between two teams, Peckham Porpoises and Dulwich Dolphins.

To distinguish players the rule is that one side shall wear dark blue, the other white caps, while as at "Soccer" the goalkeeper must wear a distinctive dress, which in the case of water-polo is a red cap with quarterings of his own side's colours.

The full and ideal field of play is an expanse of water 30 yards long, 20 yards broad, and it must not be less than 19 yards long.

## THE GOALS.

The goals are 10ft. wide, the cross-bar 10ft. above the water when it is over 5ft. in depth.

If the water is less than 5ft. deep, then the cross-bar must be 8ft. from the bottom. The goals are provided with nets like "Soccer" goals.

Four yards in front of each goal is a penalty line, but as you cannot very well draw a line on water, this is marked by flags or marks at the side of the bath, as is the centre line.

At the start the teams, seven men apiece, range themselves in the water in line with their respective goals; the referee is at the centre, and near each goal is the goal scorer, who decides when a goal has been scored or the ball has gone over the goal line and out of play.

The referee takes the round inflated ball, which must not measure less than 26½ in. or more than 28½ in. in circumference, sees that the men are ready, calls "Go!" and throws the ball into the middle of the water.

## NO LONGER A SCRAMBLE.

At the start or a restart players may jump up from the bottom of the bath or push off from the side, but to do it at any other time is a foul.

The ball thrown in, the opposing forwards scramble for all they're worth for possession of it. Like real polo, water-polo was at first a man playing for himself, but now it is organised on regular lines. The goalkeeper, of course, keeps goal, and the other six players are divided into three forwards, one half-back and two backs.

Except that you must not take up a position within two yards of your opponents' goal, there is no off-side, and the forwards, therefore, are usually well down in each other's faces, waiting for the ball to be passed up to

Well, to the game: A blue-capped Porpoise gets to the ball first, and with a quick twist of one hand sends it over his head and back to his half-back, and then he and his brother forwards swim hard down the bath.

The half-back, using one hand, as every player except the goalkeeper must, returns the ball to the left winger, who dribbling, by striking it alternately with each hand, speeds round the opposing back and centres right across the goal-mouth; the centre forward is well up, and it looks a certain goal, but the "keeper" intervenes, catches the ball and throws it down the bath—and the referee blows his whistle. Why?

Because the goalkeeper has thrown the ball over the half-way line, and that is a foul; penalty, a free throw for the Porpoises from the half-way line.

## A FREE THROW.

Porpoise back takes the throw, and hurls the ball at the goalkeeper, and the referee promptly whistles. Why? Because you must not throw the ball at the goalkeeper from a free throw, and a goal cannot be scored from a free throw unless the ball has been handled by at least one other player.

Up and down the bath the contest rages, the ball being passed from hand to hand with bewildering rapidity, and then there is a howl from a Dolphin and the referee blows his whistle. A Porpoise has deliberately pushed off from the indignant Dolphin, and as this happens within the 4-yards line a penalty throw to the Porpoises is the punishment. Moreover, the offending Porpoise has to get out and stay out of the water until a goal has been scored, no matter whether half-time intervenes or not.

## ONE DIFFERENCE FROM "SOCCER."

At "Soccer," in the case of a penalty kick, the goal is defended by the goalkeeper only, but at water-polo the defenders may mass within the 4-yards line, and any one of them may stop the ball, which is thrown from any point on the 4-yards line. Unlike a free throw, a penalty throw may score directly in this case it does, the offending Porpoise returns to the water and the game proceeds.

Here it may be convenient to mention some other fouls at water-polo, besides those already mentioned.

It is a foul to interfere with or impede an opponent unless he is holding the ball; to hold the ball under water when tackled; to turn on the back and kick at an opponent; to stand on or to touch bottom except for the purpose of resting; or for the goalkeeper to go more than four yards from his own goal line.

These are ordinary fouls, for which, if committed outside the 4-yards line, the penalty is a free throw, but if the referee is of opinion that the player offended wilfully, then in addition to the free throw he is ordered out of the water until a goal has been scored.

The same is the penalty for certain fouls which are always considered wilful, such as starting before the word "go," deliberately wasting time, maintaining a position within

two yards of opponents' goal, changing position after the whistle has gone, deliberately splashing an opponent.

A goal may be "headed" or kicked with the feet.

In regard to tackling, you may duck an opponent, "swim him off" the ball, knock the ball out of his hand (open-handed), or bore him into touch, but you must not hold him or pull him back.

## HALF-TIME.

It is twenty minutes since the teams entered the water, the whistle goes for half-time. A game consists of two halves of seven minutes each, but delays are frequent, and a game will often last an hour.

On the restart we see a splendid "run" by a Dolphin forward, a real individual effort. Using the trudgeon stroke, dribbling the ball with alternate hands and using all his speed and strength, he fairly bores his way through his opponents, swims the goalkeeper aside, and dribbles the ball right between the posts.

The trudgeon is the water-polo player's favourite stroke. What is it? It is a double over-arm stroke, the arms coming over forward alternately, and sweeping round in a circle, the legs kicking from the knees, "scissor" fashion, alternately with the arms, i.e., right leg and right arm and vice versa.

## THE STROKE TO USE.

Its great advantages at water polo are that it enables you to see on either side of you and to keep the ball between your arms, sending it forward at each stroke, in which position you are not easily dispossessed, as the Dolphin forward just showed us.

When the final whistle goes, it is twelve very tired and two rather numbed men who clamber out of the water. The cold men, of course, are the goalkeepers, and of the tired men the "tiredst" of all are the half-backs; for, as at football, they get more work than any of the other players. But all the men, bar the goalkeepers, are pretty well "done," for they have been in the water some forty minutes and swimming almost the whole time.

A first-class "water-poloist," therefore, must have great stamina, and as training for long swimming, in teaching a man to keep afloat in almost any position, and in teaching him to keep his temper when he is suddenly ducked when in the act of shooting, water-polo is a splendid game. As a spectacle it is both exciting and amusing.

HARVEY BOWMAN.

## QUAINT QUERIES.

## SOME EXTRACTS FROM THE EDITORIAL LETTER-BAG.

[From time to time we receive inquiries with which even the best intentions and the Encyclopædia Britannica, propped against the Editorial desk, are not sufficient to grapple. We are, therefore, publishing a few of them in the hope that some erudite readers will be able to oblige with a solution.—ED.]

If a Quaker had a cold, and wanted to cure it, would he go into a chemist's shop and ask for "thou-calyptus"?

Which is the best way to become a Cabinet Minister, and what books, if any, ought one to study?

Why is it unlucky to be run over by a green motor-bus on a Thursday?

If a horse puts out his foot to you, is it a sign that he wants to shake hands?

I have grown two inches in the last year, and am now twenty-two. How tall shall I be when I am forty?

Is it fair to make Lambeth Walk when the Seven Sisters Road?

When a man is told off, what is it you tell him?

At a music-hall, do the audience shout "'Core! 'Core!" to intimate that if the performer goes off, they will get the pip?

# The Builder

A SKETCH.

By

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

This is such a simple tale that I would tell it in words of one syllable if I could. It is merely about a man whose little structure of existence, erected at the cost of years of labour, collapsed, and left him with the usual alternative of rebuilding the ruins or sitting down beside them to weep over the catastrophe.

There are not many of us who escape the experience, and a fair proportion, I imagine, choose the latter alternative. Forbes didn't; and that is why he deserves attention. He lacked the philosophic streak which enables a man to accept an ill-treatment as the natural behaviour of a resistless Fate. He was quite unable to obtain mental comfort at the expense of courage.

Forbes was a builder's carpenter and a married man with a large family. So happy was he with his wife that both of them doubted whether the happiness could last. Their only trouble was that several of the children were delicate, and most of Forbes's spare money went in paying doctor's bills. I mention this that it may be seen what slender reserve he possessed wherewith to fight his trouble when it came.

Consequent upon a long spell of bad weather came the imminence of unemployment. Every day when Forbes went out, he hardly suppressed the dread that the day would prove his last of work for an indefinite time. The mind has a tendency to brood over impending calamity, much as one views a gathering thunderstorm, with a thrill of sombre pleasure; but some contingencies there are too dire for contemplation. Those days Forbes went about his work resolutely void of thought.

His wife used to stand at the little front room bay-window, watching for his return each night—watching, with heart beating irregularly, to see if he were bringing his tool-bag home. When a builder's carpenter brings home his tools (save at the end of the week), it is an infallible indication that employment is at an end—for what length of time depends on the condition of trade.

It happened at last, and she saw him approaching with the springy steps and high head that told plainly of the elation of disaster. He pooh-poohed the seriousness of it, laughed at her pessimism, and played games with the children until bed-time to prove that his jollity was not counterfeit.

The next morning he started out at his usual hour, confidently promising that before sundown he would have secured a job of some sort. The best of it was, he told her, an able-bodied man is not tied to any particular trade. He can do anything.

He found out before long that cheerfulness is a meagre fare to subsist upon. For exactly a month he did not earn a shilling. Then he got an odd job to erect a fence round a field in the neighbourhood, and his last sovereign went in buying the wood necessary for the purpose.

The gentleman who had given him the commission was a member of the leisured classes, and it soon became evident that his leisurely habits extended also to the discharge of his debts.

Forbes's furniture commenced to go; the rent fell behind; then began that wondering, complaining, maddening talk of the children about hunger.

Forbes couldn't stand this. He was sure on the point that, whatever befell, the innocent and the



helpless ought not to suffer. He marched into his landlord's house one night and told him that his only remedy for a bad tenant was to find that tenant work.

"What sort of work?" said the landlord.

"Anything," said Forbes. "You've got a lot of gimcrack dwellings round about; they surely must want something done. Mine's bad enough."

"I can't help you," said the landlord; "I've got something else to do."

"Well, I haven't," said Forbes, and left him with the unhappy feeling that in some unaccountable way he was responsible for Forbes's misfortunes.

There was a day when Forbes realised he had reached the extremity. He went in desperation to the gentleman who still owed him for the building of the fence,

determined, if need be, to obtain the money by the application of his fist.

The absence of the gentleman from home defeated this pugilistic intention, and Forbes walked about for hours, telling himself that he was not going to be beaten, he was not going to be beaten.

When he arrived home there was a letter from his landlord saying that one of his paperhangers engaged on a job, at an address given, had turned up drunk that day; and if Forbes was competent to undertake the work, he (the landlord) would be glad to see him the next morning.

Forbes wasn't competent; that is to say, he was not competent by experience, for he had never hung a piece of paper in his life. But this was his chance, and he snatched at it like a drowning man at a straw.

"We'll go and do it now," he said.

The house the landlord had mentioned was one of a long terrace, at present unoccupied. He borrowed a step-ladder and, accompanied by his wife, went off to it immediately.

They effected an entrance by a back window with the stealth of burglars, found that the rolls of paper and the can of paste were there, and set to work.

They talk of that night now as the funniest they ever spent.

For hours they pasted, cut, trimmed, stood back to examine the effects, and then had to peel the paper off the wall again. Their confession is that they made a horrible mess of it.

However, when Forbes went to see the landlord in the morning it was not to say that he could undertake the work, but to inform him that it was already done.

"I'm the very man you want," said Forbes, who understood the weakness of modesty.

The landlord was constrained to agree. He had the intelligence to appreciate energy and initiative—and perhaps he read WANT in Forbes's haggard cheeks and eyes—and thus in a very short time Forbes found his hours fully occupied.

To-day he is as prosperous a builder as any to be found in South London.

It is purely a coincidence that he belongs to the building trade. His freedom from the inertia of resignation was bound to make a builder of him, no matter in what condition of life he had been placed.

## "THE MATE."

Landlubbers, and even those who should know better, constantly make the mistake of speaking of the mate of a vessel as the first mate. There are second, third, fourth, and even fifth mates, but the senior of all is "the mate."

## PASSING DAYS.

### WHEN THE SUNSHINE STREAMS THROUGH STILL BARE BRANCHES.

The full tide of summer is now almost upon us, but even in the enjoyment of what many hold to be the best season of the year, it is pleasant to look back on those days of awakening that are almost past.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, all have their especial charms, and a man is ready for each as it arrives. He may not be able to say which he prefers above the others, because his feelings change with the seasons, just as his emotions change between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m.

To many an open-air man there is something just as enjoyable in the times of change, when one season is obviously over and another is still some way off.

This is especially the case with the early days of spring, when winter has gone in fact, but not in appearances, and when spring is still a hope rather than a realisation.

After the bluster of the early gales and the completely dull and swamping days that mark most seasons' break-up there are choice days that combine all the softer elements of all the seasons.

Spring is no exception in this, and gives us some days that for sheer enjoyableness are above any that summer can show. At least, so it seems at the time, when a really splendid day is something of a rarity still.

In the morning there is mist, the still bare branches drip, and the day threatens to pass in heaviness and damp fog without a gleam. But through the white fog there presently gleams the pale round disc of the sun, and in an hour all sign of mist has gone, and a clear sky becomes gradually blue and illuminated.

It may be that in the thickest woods, and the thin traceries of the white-stemmed birch trees, a faint haze may linger in patches, as if the trees were steaming from the touch of the sun.

When this has vanished the woods are a paradise and the day has reached perfection.

To walk under the still unclothed tracks of the forest is one of the exquisite experiences of early spring.

Though there are patches of green here and there—upon honeysuckle stems that twine over the shrubs, and upon the scrubby hawthorn in the low hedges—there is nothing as yet to intercept the direct rays of warmth. Indeed, it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun.

In the stillness of the air and the vading brightness the wood seems to be alive, and yet to ring with life and energy. Listen, standing still near a thick, warm, lichen-trunk is to know complete enjoyment.

Round about on every hand there are the tappings of many birds. The slaty nuthatch shoots up and down the bare branches, tapping at every crevice, and sometimes ringing the wood alive with its repeated, sharp note. Then a lurching woodpecker, of the colours of the rainbow, but chiefly a fresh almost sparkling green, will go looping among the branches. Soon its curious, rhythmic laugh will ring among the trees; and in dying away again it accentuates the stillness of the wood.

And all the time the steady sun sits down upon drive and tree, and buds click and burst and spread, and creeping things among the brushwood and loose earth are busy hurrying to and fro in little sudden rushes.

To linger through the warmest hour of the day, before the sun is at the height of the day, before the sun is at his summer intensity and shade is grateful to taste the sweetness of all that is understood by an English spring.

C. EASTON-GREY.

# OUR VILLAGE BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS

## A SKETCH OF RURAL LIFE.

Fired by reading accounts of the big boxing contests in London town, and egged on by our new parson, who stands six foot in his socks, and has a chest like a bull of Bashan, we of our village recently formed a boxing club.

Our first championship meeting came off last night, and I am going to tell you all about it, as well as a bunged-up eye and a cut lip, which were presented to me by Joe, the potman at the "Cauliflower Arms," will allow.

First, however, a word or two about parson—the Rev. William George Dunstable, M.A., that's him—and John Ironside, our village blacksmith, for it was really through them that the boxing club came into existence. Ironside is a bit of a terror. He is an atheist, an agnostic, a sceptic, a Rational Freethinker, an anti-vaccinationist, an anti-every blooming thing, except, to do him justice, good, honest English ale.

## HOW IT ALL BEGAN.

He is a terrible strong man is Ironside, with a sullen, sulky, sullen temper, and when parson tried to argue with him and get him to come to church he up and tells him that he'll come to church when parson shows that he is a better man than

"Boo!" says parson, "do you think I come of a penny novelette? Of course you could come in a rough and tumble, but, man, I'd love to get you in a twenty-four foot ring, National Sporting Club rules," and with that he walks off.

However, next Saturday night, when Bill Larkins and Fred Smith starts fighting in the High Street, parson who happens to be coming along, walks up to them, separates them, and knocks their heads together.

"There's too much of this promiscuous rapping going on," he says. "What we want in the village is a sally darms, where you poor blighted brethren can put on the gloves, have a fight or two, and be all the better for it afterwards."

## THE SALLY DARM.

That was the next step. Mr. Dunstable pushed the idea along. Lord Rosedale offered a big silver cup and a championship belt open to the whole village. Squire Manton came down with a fine cup for middle-weights. Jobson, the landlord of the "Cauliflower Arms," presented a similar cup for light-weights, while parson gave a trophy for feather-weights.

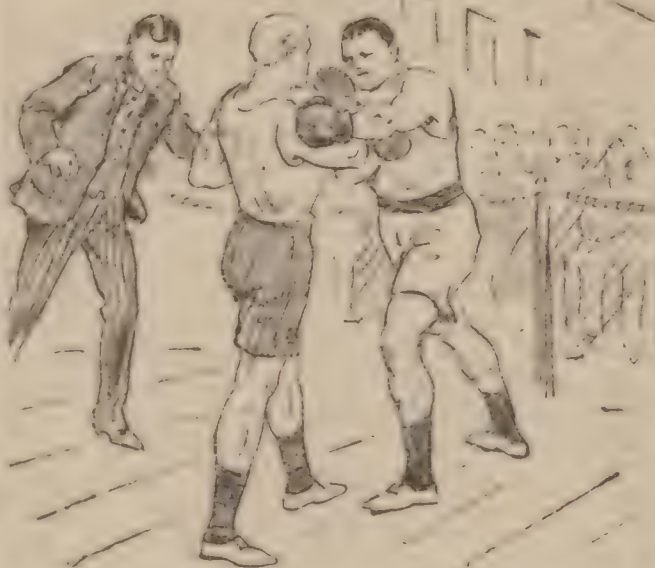
Of course, all the old tabby cats in the village howled about a parson having anything to do with such a sinful thing as fighting, and Thomas Larkins, who lives on his wife's earnings as a maker, said it was an instance of a bloated effete aristocracy hiring men to make beasts of themselves.

Joe Larkins, who was already in hard training for the middle-weights, went up to Thomas and invited him to call him a brute beast. Thomas said he had only been speaking in a Parliamentary sense, and Joe said that being so he wouldn't give him the "postman's knock," which he did, one, two, three, and Thomas crumpled up like a burst balloon.

## THE GREAT DAY.

Well, I needn't trouble you with the eliminating contests, though they provided some rare fun, especially when Henry Clayton, a young labourer from old Muttiebury's farm, got Joe Larkins's head chancery and kept it there despite parson's orders to break away. Ironside was entered for the championship belt, and so was parson, but they came together in the preliminary heats, and each easily reached the final.

We could tell even then that it was going to be a rare battle. Parson was strong, and he had the skill, but Ironside was stronger, and if he had parson's skill he was no slouch. He could



guard and stop, and he had a cruel right. We thought Job Thackeray was never coming to when Ironside put his right across and sent him clean through the ropes.

However, to come to the finals and last night, the hall was packed. Even the old tabby cats had come with the object, so they said, of reporting Mr. Dunstable to the bishop. Thomas Dawson was there too with the object, as usual, of making mischief.

## SQUIRE AND COBBLER.

Proceedings opened with the feather-weights, the competitors being Jobson's youngest son and a stable-lad from the racing stables near by. Young Jobson, who had been carefully coached by his father, who had been a professional bruiser in his time, did well, but the stable-lad was always a bit the better, and won cleverly.

The Squire's son, just down from Oxford, and young Jacob Hardress, who is the son of the village cobbler, were the finalists for the light-weights. This was a rare set-to, nothing in it till the last round, when the Squire's son landed a rather lucky swing to the jaw and Jacob went down and out.

This was Dawson's opportunity. He began jeering and hinting that it had been arranged to let the aristocrat win. Unfortunately for him, Jacob, who had come to, happened to overhear him, and goes up to him. "So you think I sold the fight, do you," he says very fierce. "Well, take that, you white-livered gasbag," and he gave him "that" and one or two more before Dawson managed to bolt through the door followed by loud cheers.

## MY TURN.

Joe, the "Cauliflower Arms" potman, and I next stood up for the middle-weights. I needn't trouble you with much about that. We went the whole ten rounds, and then parson, who was refereeing, very rightly gave Joe the verdict on points. He has a very useful straight left, has Joe.

Then parson retired to change his togs, and a sort of a hush came over us, which gave way to a mighty cheer when first parson and then Ironside stepped into the ring. They weren't stripped, of course, but beneath their thin jerseys we could see the muscles rising and falling.

Strong men both, but Ironside's was the strength of an old oak tree, parson's that of a young horse.

Ironside was a slogger, but he was no fool. He knew parson had the science, and he was not going to waste his strength chasing him. He just planted himself fair and square in the centre of the ring, and waited.

Parson came on like a dancing master for all his height and weight. A lightning lead, and his left was in Ironside's face, but Ironside just shook his head and smiled grimly. And so it went on through the round, parson popping in a left or right whenever he liked, and Ironside taking no particular notice.

Then, just as the bell was going to sound, Ironside lets fly his right—whizz. A terrible blow, and if it had landed, the contest would have been over. But parson ducked as cool as could be, and countered with a right jab on the mouth that would have loosened Ironside's teeth if they had not been set in granite.

Rounds 2, 3, 4, and 5 were much the same, parson piling up the points, and Ironside occasionally lashing out, but without ever getting home.

## THE BIG FIGHT.

Round 6, however, was a startler. Ironside came up in his usual dogged manner, and then suddenly, without any warning, he cut loose and went for parson like a bull.

Ironside had been playing cunning. He knew that if he started rushing at first, parson would be ready for him, so he kept quiet till he had parson off his guard.

Parson saw the right swing coming, but he hadn't time to guard or get away, and down he went—all but out.

Ironside rushed him to the ropes the moment he got up, and gave him a terrible pasting. But parson had recovered his coolness, and though he could not stop the sledge-hammer blows, he managed to break their force, and to keep on his feet till the bell went.

## REAL LIFE v. FICTION.

But he was in pretty bad case when he came to his corner, and I told him—I was seconding him—to keep away and fight at long range. "No good, Tugwell," he said. "He's a better man than I thought; my only chance is to try and stop him this round."

And try he did. By Jupiter, it was great! He sailed right into Ironside's and sent him down with as pretty a right upper-cut as ever you saw.

But it was like hitting a granite cliff. Ironside took it all, and what he took was no joke. He was bleeding like a stuck pig when parson began to tire; then he just waded in, brought his deadly right into action, and knocked parson out.

Sounds all wrong, doesn't it? In a novel parson would have won sure, but this happens to be real life, with the names a bit altered. However, it all came right in the end. When parson came to, Ironside went up to him, and they shook hands.

"Sir," said Ironside, "you're a man. I'm coming to church on Sunday morning."

E. TUGWELL.

## FOR ROACH AND BREAM.

### THE BEST BAITS TO USE.

Ground-bait is necessary if you want to catch roach.

To make ground-bait for them take a stale loaf, from which the harder parts of the crust have been removed, and soak in water until it is quite sodden. Squeeze it through the hands, so as to drive out as much water as possible, and then knead and mix it with dry bran until it is of the consistency of a stiff pudding.

To use the ground-bait, make it into balls about half the size of, say, a cricket ball, and into each of these put a small stone or pebble, so as to make them sink when thrown into the water.

Half-a-dozen of these balls should be thrown in so as to reach the bottom a little way above the roach swim.

For hook bait use either gentles or bread paste. The latter is made by putting stale crumb in a clean cloth, soaking in water, and then squeezing out until it is pretty stiff.

Enough paste should be used to cover the hook, to whose shape it should be moulded, care being taken, however, that the point of the hook is no more than covered, so that it can at once strike into the fish.

Bream are fished for in the same way.

Among other baits for roach and bream, wasp grubs are excellent. Grains of wheat which have been stewed until they have swelled up and cracked are also good.

T. WOODWARD.

## GOLFING CONUNDRUMS.

## SOME VERY KNOTTY PROBLEMS SOLVED.

While the Rules of Golf are singularly free from ambiguity, cases do arise in actual play which puzzle even experienced golfers.

For example, a player driving off from the tee completely misses the ball.

He addresses it again, and in doing so accidentally touches the ball, so that it rolls off the tee.

He tees it up again, and this time succeeds in hitting it away.

Was he right in teeing the ball again, and how many strokes had he played when at last he succeeded in driving it?

He was wrong in re-teeing his ball. It is true that if a player driving from the tee accidentally knocks it off the tee (N.B.—The term "tee" is applied alike to the space from within which a player must drive and the little mound of sand on which he perches his ball) when addressing it, he has the right to tee it up again without penalty.

That, however, applies only to his first shot at the commencement of each hole.

In this case he missed his first shot, and therefore when he took his second shot he was no longer driving from the tee, but "playing through the green."

Now if a player, when playing through the green, accidentally moves his ball he incurs a penalty of one stroke.

Further, a ball must not be picked up and re-teeed except for purposes of identification, or when in "casual water," &c., under penalty of two strokes.

Therefore we get this: For the first missed shot the player lost one stroke, for moving the ball when addressing it he lost another stroke, and finally for picking up his ball and re-teeing it he incurred a penalty of two strokes. So when he played his second shot he was playing five.

A player may always lift his ball from "casual water"—that is, water which is not a permanent part of the links—without penalty. But suppose it is winter-time, and the ball rests on frozen casual water, can he then lift it without penalty, or must he play the ball as it lies?

He is entitled to lift without penalty, no matter whether the casual water is on the putting-green or off it.

In a stroke competition a player drove off from the tee and his ball could not be found. He returned to the tee and drove again, losing, of course, one stroke.

No sooner had he driven than his caddie, who was still searching for the first ball, found it. The player then picked up his second ball, and continued to play with the ball that had been lost. Was he right or was he wrong?

The first point is, how long did the player search for the lost ball? The special rules governing stroke competitions provide that a lost ball must be searched for for at least five minutes.

If this player did not search the full five minutes he had no right to treat the ball as lost, and was disqualified for doing so.

On the other hand, if he searched the regulation five minutes the ball was "lost" the moment time was up, even if found a few seconds afterwards.

He had, therefore, no right to continue playing with the first ball. Either way, then, he was wrong and subject to disqualification.

Suppose your ball is bunkered, but lies not on the sand of the bunker, but on grass growing in the bunker, may you ground your club when addressing the ball?

No. At one time the rule was that grass in a hazard was not part of the hazard, but this is no longer the case, and you are not entitled to ground your club. R. GRAHAM.

## MY NOTEBOOK.

**H. GRAY-REID.** I have received several letters from readers regarding my statement recently made in Court that I was the author of the articles dealing with Horatio Bottomley, M.P., and that I had used the name H. Gray-Reid as a nom-de-plume.

Several correspondents have jumped to the conclusion that all other articles which have ever been signed with the nom-de-plume H. Gray-Reid must necessarily have come from my pen, but such is not the case.

H. Gray-Reid is a nom-de-plume which has in the past been used by several different writers who have contributed articles which, for one reason or another, they did not desire to sign with their own names.

For example, just over two years ago we printed an article entitled "The Legion of Humbugs" over that nom-de-plume. The author was a retired Army officer, who has since contributed many articles on military subjects to our pages, and in this particular article the Legion of Frontiersmen was criticised.

My older readers will remember how a challenge to the author resulted, how he immediately accepted the challenge, and how I promised to act as his second if the proposed duel ever came off.

In accepting the challenge, my contributor, amongst other things, said:

"This challenge is a trifle ridiculous. I am to state my age, weight, and degree of training. I will do so: Age 37, but I look much older—thanks to a misspent life; weight—dash it all, I knew I had forgotten something, and it is too late to get weighed now—but to the best of my belief my normal weight is 10 stone; degree of training, simply rotten, in fact, non-existent. In return the Legion of Frontiersmen promise to produce from their ranks an adversary who will approximate to these conditions. Good; but I beg further to inform a gasping world that I am bald-headed, wear false teeth, and suffer from liver complaint. If I am to accept Mr. Pocock's challenge on his lines, my opponent should also be bald-headed, toothless, and livery."

Some of my correspondents who have been under the impression that all the H. Gray-Reid articles of the past have been written by me, have good-humouredly pointed out that this description hardly tallies with my published photographs, and some of them further add that it is rather amusing that I should have offered to be my own second.

The joke is a good one, but I am afraid that I must spoil it by repeating what I have already said—namely, that I did not write any of the articles dealing with the Legion of Frontiersmen; and that I did not make the nom-de-plume H. Gray-Reid my own until I wrote the Bottomley articles.

In future I shall reserve this nom-de-plume exclusively for myself, if I ever have occasion to use one.

## EQUALITY.

I have received from a reader a long letter, in which he has much to say concerning what he terms the equality of mankind.

In the course of it he says:

"All men have two legs, two eyes, a mouth, and a nose. To all intents and purposes they are equal in physique, and they ought to be equal in income. Yours is an up-to-date paper, and if you put it forward as your own view, that no man should be permitted to have an income beyond, say, £300 a year, it might do something to better present conditions."

"Why should one man work, nay slave, on £1 a week, and bring up a family, while

another man lives in luxury? It is unjust. I am not quite convinced that it is, but if it be unjust, I would point out that the injustice is due very largely to nature.

Some men are born wealthy, but they do not as a rule remain wealthy very long, because, not having earned their money, they do not understand the value of it. Other men are born with a certain cast of mind which might be described as ambition, mental energy, or sheer wickedness—according to your view—which impels them to work hard, and to make more money than their fellow-men.

Possibly this exceptional amount of energy has been present, in a more or less marked degree, in early youth, and has induced them to secure a good education by means of scholarships.

I am no believer in the equality of mankind. My correspondent mentions the fact that all men are more or less equal in a physical way, but even this statement is misleading.

Take the case of our professional strong men. There are some who were born with large muscles, but the majority of them have obtained their muscular development by working hard at the practice of physical culture.

So in business. It is futile for such men of my correspondent to carp at the success of those whom nature has endowed with exceptional energy.

To grumble at the way in which nature has given this energy to some men and denied it to others is as useless as to grumble at the weather. It's just nature's way.

I have already said that I have discovered many of our best contributors by careful consideration of the manuscripts sent in by unknown writers, and much of the matter that appears in this paper is the work of such; but we also receive many manuscripts which are absolutely and hopelessly useless. Often they are accompanied by a semi-lamenting note requesting that if we do not like them we will explain our reasons for not doing so.

The usual reason is that the article in question possesses no merit whatsoever, but this one can scarcely say without offending the writer, and therefore we simply insert one of our courteously-worded rejection-forms.

Inspiration is so hard to define, and so hard to understand, that every man or woman who is vain imagines that he or she possesses it.

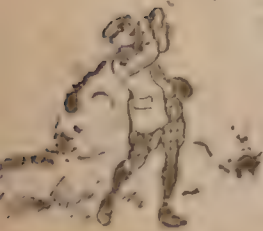
When a story or an article is well written it seems tremendously simple because it is so convincing and so true. There, says the reader, is something that I thought all along, and because it coincides with his view he imagines that any other view of his will be interesting to the public.

He writes something, and it is not only true, but obvious and trite; there is not an atom of interest or novelty about it. But his friends read it, and wickedly, though well-meaningly, encourage him to send it to an editor. He does so, and is disappointed and possibly indignant.

You get the same thing in all the arts. Take a music-hall illustration. The art of Harry Lauder, George Formby, or T. E. Dunville is not apparent, because these men are so clever that they disguise the use of art. It is only when you hear someone at an amateur concert giving an imitation of one or other of these artistes, that you realise the tremendous power of inspiration, and pity those who are beguiled by their friends into believing that they possess it.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



(continued).

S. ASHDOWN, 24, Old Kent Road.  
L. W. BRADLEY, 95, King's Road.  
A. P. BUCHAN, 4, Gloucester Road.  
H. J. DOWSETT, 21, Caulfield Road,  
A. E. HILLS, 24, Dayton Grove.  
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A. G. LAWRENCE, 33, Tresca Road.  
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L. W. STUCHFIELD, 147, Asylum Road.  
E. WILDING, 3, Peckham Road.

H. C. LOE, 48, Pimlico Road.  
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G. WHITE, 70, Pulford Street.

C. H. BARBER, 48, Upper Road.  
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 Elmstead

R. H. BAILEY, 115, Howarth Road.  
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G. C. HARR, 23, Gough Street.  
 E. GARRETT, 65, West Ferry Road.  
 S. E. HARRING, 5, Woodstock Road.  
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 A. W. WALTERS, 122, High Street.  
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 J. W. WALTERS, 325, East India Road.

HARRIS, 20, Southfields Road, West Hill.  
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H. DAVIES, 79, Osnapurgh Street.  
H. HALLAM, 18, Cumberland Terrace Mews.  
H. HEIN, 39, Mornington Road.  
H. PINN, 53, Albert Street.  
C. L. ASLEY, 3, Eton Street, Gloucester Road.  
H. WILKINS, 8, Blandford Square.

HAMMOND, 172, Rotherhithe New Road.  
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John's.  
C. WALKER, 85, Friendly Street.  
John's.  
W.

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A. COBE, 10, Queen's Road.  
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 F. C. Herbert, 12, Hadyn Park Road.  
 F. H. Hucksby, The Telegraph Hotel.  
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 F. S. Rouser, 142, Vespan Road.  
 H. L. Shatwell, 146, Shepherd's Bush Road.  
 H. L. White, 4, Orchard Road.  
 Shoreditch.  
 H. Smith, 1, Shoreditch.

(To be continued.)

One man was entertain-  
ing another to dinner.



Excuse my saying it, old chap," said the guest, "but this is getting a bit thick. That butler of yours is very awkward, to say the least of it. He dropped some of the soup over my coat-sleeve and some of the fish-sauce into my lap. Now he's splashed my shirt-front with the port. He's *very* awkward."

"He is," said the host, "for a butler. But possibly he may be a detective whom my wife has engaged, and if that is so, I think it only right to him to say that he's not half so clumsy as some of the others I've come across."

"Your father looks very distinguished since his hair has turned grey," remarked the old friend of the family.

"Yes," said the ne'er-do-well son, "and it's me he's got to thank for it."

Suddenly he leaned forward, and gazed rapturously at the maiden who held the rudder strings, and generally pulled the wrong way.

"Beatrice Gwendoline," he exclaimed, in a hard, tense whisper, "I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Oh!" she said, starting in amazement, as if she had not been expecting a proposal for the past five weeks. "This is so sudden. Give me a little time to think it over."

"Dearest," he said, "do you mind if I give you the little time on shore? I've hired this boat by the hour, and if we are not back by 8.30 we shall be let in for another bob."

HE: "What are the names of the newly-married couple who've taken the flat above ours?"

SHE: "I haven't found out yet. He calls her 'Birdie' and she calls him 'Pet.'"

The telephone bell tinkled, and the hard-worked business man took up the receiver wearily.

"Is that you?" said the voice in the receiver.

"Naturally it is," said the busy man. "What do you want, and who are you?"

His weariness was giving way to excusable temper.

"It's me," said the voice in the receiver. The busy man was about to hang the receiver up in disgust, when the voice continued:

"We can't find your little silver match-box anywhere."

"Oh," said the busy man, "is that you, dear? I didn't recognise the voice, but you shouldn't 'phone me up about trifles like that. I don't want my silver matchbox, or I should have brought it with me. Don't worry me in office hours about trifles."

"But," said the voice in the receiver, "this isn't a trifle, because I'm wondering whether the baby has swallowed it."

"He's a financial marvel. Only the other day he spilt a cup of coffee over a man's trousers and —"

"Managed to escape paying for the trousers?"

"Not only that; he talked the victim into paying for the coffee."

WHERE THE CHEAP PORTRAIT FALLS  
SHORT.

The police frequently have recourse to the camera in the investigation of crime, for it can make plain matters which cannot be detected by the eye. A forged document, for example, although it may appear perfectly genuine to the closest observer, will show the marks of alteration when reproduced as a photograph.

It is the same in the case of portrait photography. The lens can bring to light and reproduce blemishes in the complexion, and can discover lines on the face that are not visible to the eye. A photograph of this kind is usually described by the sitter as a bad likeness, and by his enemies as a very fair reproduction of his features.

The art of the portrait photographer lies to a large extent in his ability to compensate for this defect of the camera. He has his own methods of setting his machine slightly out of focus, of printing on special paper, and of toning in special ways, which compensate for the over-exactness and magnifying effect of the lens, and which bring the picture back into a fair reproduction of the original.

Photographers of the cheaper class, who have to depend for their profits on a large turnover and quick output, do not have the time to give the necessary attention to such matters, hence their work is crude and unsightly. They get a living, however, because human vanity induces people to be photographed often.

It would be much wiser if those who like to possess photographs of themselves would avoid the cheap photographer and be taken only by the best man in their town. His prices are far in excess of those charged by the cheap photographer, but the results of his work are usually worth keeping, and are not a libel upon the sitter's good looks.

For good work you must pay well, and in the case of photographs the extra outlay is well worth making. W. LEGOOD.

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When the skin is irritated after shaving, use OATINE. It instantly relieves tenderness and soreness of the skin.

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**MONTHLY COVENTRY**

# Rapid Physical Development



## A WEEKLY FEATURE. IMPROVING THE GRIP.

A man's muscular development is not, as a rule, very apparent unless he has his clothes off, and, as you never see him stripped except in an athletic club, it is quite possible for you to believe that

the well-developed man has muscles no better than the average.

There is one item of physical development, however, which is at once apparent, and that is the strength of the grip.

The man who, when shaking hands, catches your fingers and crushes the edges of the nails into the flesh, is an ill-mannered boor, but the man who grasps your hand and gives it a grip which, though gentle, is yet suggestive of great strength behind, is a person who at once wins your approval, for everybody admires strength.



Gripping a bag of sand.

It is not difficult to acquire a powerful grip. In fact, the muscles of the hand and the wrist can be educated more easily and more effectively than most of the other muscles.

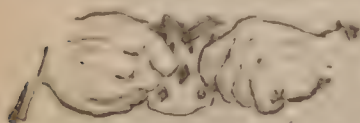
Some of our great pianists have strength in their fingers that might be envied by the best of our professional strong men, even although the rest of their physical equipment be nothing beyond the average, or possibly short of it.

One of the best exercises for the improvement of the gripping muscles is the following.

Fill a small bag with fine sand. Tie the mouth of it up so that the bag is not hard packed, but remains flabby and yielding. A small bag, such as salt is sometimes packed in, will do, or you can easily stitch one together from a piece of sacking.

Place this bag on a table in front of you, and take a handful of it. Then grip it as if you wanted to crush the sand between your fingers and your palm.

If the sand is fine, it will yield considerably, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your grip is effective, because you will be able to feel the sand trickling from between your fingers to another part of the bag.



Tearing asunder a pack of cards.

Repeat the exercise several times every morning and evening, and occasionally throughout the day if you have an opportunity of doing so.

Do not forget to practise this exercise with the left hand as well as with the right, for there is no reason why the left hand should not be strengthened as well as its neighbour.

One of the feats performed by strong men is the tearing asunder of a pack of cards.

Many of them can do it across, but few have sufficient strength to tear a pack lengthwise, and yet this feat can be accomplished by the average man if he practises in the right manner.

To practise with ordinary playing cards would be expensive, but you can exercise the necessary muscles quite as well by practising with a few sheets of thick cardboard, or even with a tightly-folded newspaper.

Arrange the sheets of cardboard or the newspaper in such a way as to be just thick enough for you to tear. Gradually increase the thickness as you find your muscles developing, and do not be satisfied until you can tear cardboard equal in resistance to a pack of cards.

You will find that these exercises develop not only the muscles of the fingers and wrists, but also to a very large extent those of the forearm, and, to some extent, those of the upper arm. For this reason, such exercises are worthy of the attention of every physical culturist.

Another exercise of great utility is one practised by many pianists.

Place your hand on a table, stretching your fingers slightly as you would over the notes of a piano; then, keeping the wrist perfectly steady, raise each finger in turn to the utmost height, keeping the tips of the other fingers on the table.

Raise each finger as high as you can, keeping it straight, and strike the table with the tip of it with as much force as possible; but when you strike see that your finger is bent, so that it hits the table somewhere near the line of the middle joints of the other fingers.

If you master this exercise you will find it very useful in developing the grip muscles, and it is one that has the great advantage of being suitable for practising at any odd moment, and not only at your usual times for exercise in the morning or in the evening.

C. HALLOWS.

Send 1s. 1½d. for **Maxick's Great Book, the rage of the physical culture world!!! "HOW TO BECOME A GREAT ATHLETE."** It contains information on General Athletics, Weight-lifting, Training for Sports, Diet and Bathing, never before presented to the public! Beautiful **PHOTOGRAPHS.** Send Now!! The Verdict of all: **"IT IS WORTH POUNDS."**

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## THE SPORTING TIMES

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## THE SLEEPING VILLAGE. HOW IT APPEARS TO A MIDNIGHT WAYFARER.

The road is friendly, passively friendly, there are no houses. The grass rides at the side go along with the walker, the trees give a kind of soothing sigh as he passes, quieter and more pleasant than the rushing shout that arches as a railway train passes beneath, but still a word of recognition. Feeding rabbits are in no hurry to seek their burrows, but just hop aside in a half-friendly way as one passes.

But as you approach the sleeping village there is almost an unfriendly coldness about its stone walls. Some distance away from the first house you feel that the place resents your intrusion at one o'clock in the morning. Each footstep you take is thrown back at you the instant after you put your foot down, and the nearer you approach the more clearly and rapidly is the sound cast back.

Passing along between cottages on either side your innocent steps reverberate between the walls, as if rejected on all sides and unable to find any welcome.

Worse even than this is the lifeless look of the cottages. Not a curtain moves, not a figure passes across the blinds, not a window-frame gives a rattle.

The little windows with drawn white blinds look like the sightless eyes of a man at a street corner with a card round his shoulders asking you to "Pity the Blind." But there is a defiance in the village. Every door is shut against the wayfarer. No hospitable light comes from an open window.

Instead, as you hasten along, with no intention in your heart, a chain runs out with a rattle and a low growl, followed by a bark, tells you that you are suspect.

The very sound of the clock in the stable turn seems an accusation that you have no business to be abroad at such an hour.

To hurry beyond the houses is your only impulse. Down the wind comes a faint odour of burning smouldering wood, left in some cottage for the night. But for this, with its associations of a hearth and a home, you might have passed through a place of the dead.

M. BRUCE

## STRAWBERRIES FOR CHUB.

Although it is not safe to say that chub is the only fish which will take fruit as a bait, it is unlikely that there are many other fruitarians in the piscatorial world.

Chub will take small strawberries, or large ones, quite readily. They will also take cherries, while a piece of banana is quite a lure, only it is mighty difficult to get it to stick to the hook unless it is very unripe.

Chub, indeed, will take almost anything. Limburger cheese to caterpillars.

At some seasons and in some rivers they are more fastidious, but fruit will generally tempt them.

## A WELL-KNOWN NAME.

Our readers will be interested to note the name of Mr. R. T. Booth appearing in the columns of our newspapers again. It is many years since Mr. Booth's name, as a person in the land, was heard, and perhaps it is the older generation who will remember it at all. However, we note he is working amongst us, and are pleased to see that the fields of his present activity are much in the service of mankind as they were in the past. Mr. R. T. Booth's energy is being expended in placing before suffering a wonderful cure for nasal and throat troubles, bronchitis, asthma, and all breathing troubles. Mr. Booth, we are sure, would not attach his name to anything unless it was really efficacious, and our surmise will be found true if readers look into the claims he makes for his Hyomei, as he has named his remedy. His address is 382, Roycroft House, Southwark Street, London, S.E.



"BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN."

# Thought Force.

PHYSICAL CULTURE &  
PERSONALITY

"O, well for him whose will is strong."

—Tennyson.

The interested reader may wonder what "Thought Force" has to do with physical culture. It has everything to do with, not only physical culture, but a moment's reflection shows that thought governs the world.

There is nothing that I have railed against more persistently than the slack, unintelligent method of exercising too often adopted by the physical culturist. He fails to exercise "Thought Force" and then wonders why results are nil.

For years professors of physical culture were in the habit of saying "Use your will power," but they went no further than this, and whilst the idea was undoubtedly right, detailed instructions as to the manner in which this should be done were not provided.

It was left to me to publish my book explaining this subject, "Psycho-Physical Culture," and in my famous booklet, "Health at Home," there are many pages devoted to the important subjects of "Psycho-Physical Culture," "Relation of Mind and Body," "The Invisible Force," and "Power of Concentration."

I will take second place to no man in connection with the amount of thought that has been expended in perfecting my different systems of physical culture, nor in personally applying "Thought Force."

It is an open secret that it has been my determined application of concentrated energy which has brought me to my present position both physically, athletically, and financially.

From the above it will be seen that the Inch system of physical training, embodying as it does treatment from every point of view, is undoubtedly the best.

My pupils are apt to notice mental improvement as well as physical. The extreme value of personality in connection with one's career will be immediately recognised. "Thought Force," as taught by the Inch System, helps to develop personality!

Besides improving your physique out of all knowledge, besides eradicating any physical defect or ailment you may suffer from, I will develop your powers of concentration, your determination (your will power). You will become self-reliant, your character improve, you will gain confidence and

## STOP WORRYING.

I will lift you out of the rut. You will be surprised to find come to life powers hitherto dormant. I will teach you **real self-help**.

All the above my system has done for me. Among other things it has made me

**BRITAIN'S STRONGEST MAN,**

perhaps one of the most remarkable achievements yet recorded in the athletic world.

Write now for my free book, "HEALTH AT HOME." It will tell you all about it. Mailed free and post free with terms for my course.

# Thomas Inch

(Dept. H), PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT,

MUNSTER HOUSE, 676 and 676a, FULHAM ROAD, FULHAM, LONDON, S.W.

"To him who wills, naught is impossible."—Varrino.



## AMBROSIAL



## NIGHTS

## A MEMORY.

Unwilling though I am to plagiarise Mr. Geo. R. Sims in detailing my physical ailments to a wondering public, I find some justification for mentioning that at present I am living (save the mark!) chiefly on Benger's Food and bicarbonate of potash.

Incidentally, while I am sure that Benger's Food is admirable stuff—stuff, I think, is the right word—I hope for the eminent Mr. Benger's own sake that when I am restored to beefsteaks and bitter beer he will not chance to run against me in a dark corner.

However, I am reminded of the ambrosial nights of my youth, partly because the doctor assures me that I am now paying for them—and, begad, Benger's, potash, red-hot pincers in my joints and all, I'd willingly draw those promissory notes on Nature again—partly because pap and potash make me see delightful mirages, like a spent traveller in the desert.

## BACK IN THE MESS.

I see the long mess-table set for guest night. Down the centre runs a row of silver and gilt trophies. Some are the hard-won spoils of polo, cricket, football field, gymkhana meeting, race-course, rifle-range, or what not.

Others, again, are "tombstones" to good men, superannuated, married, or otherwise laid on the shelf. Sacred trophies these. To handle them without first obtaining leave from the president or Mr. Vice is to incur a fine, which is usually liquidated in port.

By each man's place is a big silver tankard, but they won't be required to-night. It is a regimental guest night—that is, a distinguished traveller is dining with the regiment—and it's champagne and no heel-taps, drunk from none of your finicking shallow glasses, but from good, substantial goblets, holding about a quarter of a bottle apiece.

On the walls are the colours, undraped, heads of tigers, moose, buck, and fox, with here and there a good engraving. We are in a tropic land, but with the sinking sun has come the "doctor"—that beneficent sea-breeze which puts new life into us all, and makes the lowered jalousies rattle and creak.

## "GUEST NIGHT."

Outside, the band is tuning up; inside the ante-room there is a great consuming of sherry and bitters, gin cocktails, and other deleterious but delectable drinks.

The mess sergeant, clad in correct evening dress, and fortified by a couple of glasses of brown sherry, casts an observant eye over the long, glittering table, straightens a knife and fork here and there, snuffs a scarlet-shaded candle or two, then flings apart the folding doors, and says, "Gentlemen, dinner is served, if you please."

Of course, on such a night as this, the Colonel leads the regimental guest into the mess-room, and they sit in the centre of one side of the table, which is to some extent the post of honour. But on the other side of the chief guest is the last-joined subaltern. Probably "Boots" feels

a trifle uncomfortable, but the experience is good for him—teaches him to hold his own in any society.

As for the rest of us, we sit anywhere we like, and so far as possible seniors and juniors are equally mixed. Indeed, two middle-aged captains finding themselves next each other, one of them promptly changes places with a very young subaltern.

As for myself, I come to anchor between a major—dear old "Liver," who was a perfect fiend before his breakfast and one of the best after it—and the adjutant—not the "rotter" I once told you about, but as smart a soldier and good a chap as ever wore jack-boots and taught the young recruit idea how to shoot.

## ONE OF THE CROWD.

The adjutant lays aside his office when he enters the mess, and has no especial precedence or dignity, though, of course, in the event of any extraordinary happening, such as its being necessary to place an officer under arrest, the senior officer present would order the adjutant to arrest the offender and see him to his quarters. But, bless you, we are not thinking of trouble this evening, and although earlier in the day I have had an extremely unpleasant official interview with the adjutant, my greeting to him this evening as we draw in to table is: "Hello, Mick, been giving the girls a treat?" And, mind you, "Mick" has eight years' service to my two.

Here comes that condemned gruel. Away with it, and let me recall the oysters with which we began, the turtle soup that followed, the flying fish that succeeded—I am talking of the West Indies. Let me in imagination taste again the luscious green turtle fins that were one of the entrées, the—but there, let us skip the joint and game, the ice pudding, and come to the savoury. I forget just what it was made of, but it was a reddish paste on toast, and hell, I should say, was Arctic compared with it.

## HOT STUFF.

It takes a full goblet of the cool, shimmering "pink wine" to assuage the pleasant pangs of that slice of Hades on toast.

And all the while the band is playing and the ozone-laden breeze comes sighing through the green-latticed windows. Ah, life is very good just then. Port. Fatal drink in a climate like this. But port it is—"For to-night we'll merry be, Tomorrow we'll be sober."—"Liver, my buck, a glass of wine with you. Mick, you're getting fat; I'll race you to the guard-room and back for a fiver. I say, Mr. President, what was it the Governor of North Carolina said to the—?"

The Colonel and the great man have risen—you'll understand we have had "The Queen," and the bandmaster has been for his glass of wine and cigar—and after just one "spot" of the old brandy to top up with we troop out on to the wide verandah and dusty barrack square.

## AN IMPROMPTU DANCE.

Bright eyes are there to greet us. The ladies of garrison and civilian society have come up just "to hear the band."

The band, one finds, is best heard from secluded corners. Is it by accident or design that the bandmaster suddenly gives us a ripping waltz?

The cheekiest subaltern approaches the C.O., who is talking to the great man. The C.O. looks

doubtful, but the great man seems to back up the youngster; in fact, I overhear him say something about being introduced to all the prettiest girls. The mess-room is cleared as if by magic; the floor is polished by the simple expedient of rolling the last-joined subaltern up and down it, and soon, each with his manly arm encircling his particular heart-beat, we are gliding round and round. One impromptu hop is worth a dozen State balls.

And when at last mock-indignant manmas and chaperones and their rebellious, laughing night have departed—well, the warm, velvety night is young yet. Black pool is a capital game, more especially when played with the junior subalterns as the black ball. I recall with honest pride the dexterity with which I potted him through the open window, using the half-butt as a cue.

Who said "devil's bones"? "Liver," you deserve a putty medal, but the Lord have mercy on the mess-sergeant when he brings in your breakfast in the morning.

## WHEN DAWN BREAKS.

Reader, if you have never eaten devil's bones, washed down with pink cocktails, at 4 a.m. on a West Indian morning, just when the blackness of the night changes to soft, suede grey, then to opalescent pearl, and next to tawny yellow—then you still have something to live for.

Where are these dashed grooms? Get out the ponies for a scamper and a scurry ere the sun swings clear of the horizon, to raise a thousand and one malodorous smells from the white-walled, green-shuttered town that lies below the camp.

The dress bugle is sounding for parade as we leap from our sweating ponies and plunge into the cool baths awaiting us.

The long West Indian day has begun, hot, dusty, profanity-producing, but through it we shall be heartened and sustained by the memory of the ambrosial night that is past, of ambrosial nights to come.

## WHEN ASKED YOUR AGE.

Here is a very useful tip. When next you meet an inquisitive man, let him ply you with questions and then at last ask him point blank "What's your age?" He will answer, say, "Twenty—What's yours?"

Your reply can cover a wide selection, according to fancy, ranging from *crème de menthe* grapefruit to a mild-and-bitter.



## Bad Habits Conquered

If you are a slave to any bad habit that is ruining your health, character and ability to

get ahead, write me confidentially for information. I refer to craving for **Alcoholic Drinks** of any kind, for **Cigarettes** or any other form of **Tobacco** using, for **Drugs**, including **Cocaine**, **Morphine**, **Paregoric**, **Opium**, **Cough Mixtures**, **Sal-Volatile**, **Laudanum**, etc.

Most bad habits can be permanently conquered in 72 hours without loss of time or discomfort. Wonderful success, perfectly safe, guaranteed. Indorsed by physicians, legions of testimonials. Mention what habit you desire to overcome and whether it is in yourself or another. Address

**EDWARD J. WOODS,**  
10 Norfolk Street (395B) Strand, W.C.

## TALES OF THE TRACK.

THE STORIES TOLD BY AN OLD RUNNER.

There is, perhaps, no branch of sport—bar horse-racing and boxing—that possesses great an atmosphere of romance as running on the track or across country. I remember in my younger days professional running wasn't nearly so clean as it is to-day. Corruption used to be the scenes of many a "squared" Crook "bookies" who had laid against me to resort to all sorts of dodges to prevent him from winning. If they couldn't do that—which I regret to say they generally could—they did not scruple to "noble" him somehow.

The bookie has now transferred his attention to other sports and left running more or less alone, and I cannot help feeling that the sport is the better for it.

I can tell a true and romantic story of how I won the quarter-mile—I have not his permission to mention his name, but you'd know it if you won the pluckiest race I've ever seen, and a wife with it.

It was on the Powderhall at Edinburgh; the heaviest book had been made against me in question by a penciller who, I was told, was the father of the girl I was to marry. She wanted to marry me; but the old man forbade her.

Well, the youngster started off in great style, and secured a commanding lead. However, half-way through the race a sharp, deadly stab in the ball of his right foot had made him topple over—but not quite.

He had been "spiked." Do you know what that is, reader? It is one of the dirtiest tricks you can play on a runner. Take a running shoe of your own just for experiment, and make an incision with a sharp pen-knife half way round one of the spikes. If you run in that shoe that spike would turn round and penetrate your flesh.

Well, as I was telling you, the youngster had happened and *who had done it* would you believe me, he kept on running, despite the excruciating pain; and I was to the lead he had secured, just as he won a win by inches.

In justice to the bookie, I ought to add that his admiration for the runner's pluck was so great that he at once gave his consent to the runner's marriage with his daughter.

One of the finest long-distance runners I have ever seen, or will see, is Alfred Shrubbs; and I never felt more admiration for a game little chap's powers than when I was over to Paris with him to take part in a cross-country race against some French runners at Auteuil.

Mark you, our neighbours over the Channel were "streak" along when they like; and the "faggies" who were against us that day were a good deal slower. I couldn't get ahead of them; Shrubbs darted off; and, as I'm a living man, when we had covered a mile and a half he was out of sight. We didn't see him again until we got to the little hotel where the race started and ended, where we found him, washed and dressed, happily drinking a hot whisky, with lemon and sugar, in the parlour. How he managed to make his requirements understood I don't know, for his knowledge of French never was very great.

Shrubbs was—or I ought to say *is*, for he is still running in America and Canada—an object-lesson to those who make out that size and weight are indispensable to success in athletics. There is not much of Alfred Shrubbs; but there is of him is the right stuff—iron and whipcord.

E. A. L.

## LET "HYOMEI" CURE YOUR CATARRH.

## WORLD-FAMOUS MAN'S OFFER TO ALL SUFFERERS FROM BREATHING TROUBLES.

How you may obtain immediate relief and ultimate cure for Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Catarrhal Deafness, Consumption, etc., etc.

Mr. R. T. Booth, who issues the following announcement, is the world-famous temperance orator, who some years ago in co-operation with such friends and co-workers as the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, and the late Rev. Newman Hall, Archdeacon Wilberforce, Lord Mount Temple, and others, founded the Blue Ribbon Army, which ultimately led a million to temperance. This glorious work was cut short by acute catarrh and threatened consumption, which sent him, by the order of the late Sir Andrew Clark, health-seeking to Australia. There he made his great discovery of Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), which not only cured him, but has since cured multitudes of other sufferers. Hyomei is an inhalant which, being a powerful germ-killer, cures by just breathing it.

Mr. R. T. Booth's words to sufferers are: I want you to try the remedy that cured me. Twenty-five years ago, as many of you know, I was stricken with Catarrh in so malignant a form that my life was despaired of. Sir Andrew Clark, the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's physician, advised me to make a journey to Australia, where it was hoped that the warmer climate would bring me relief. In that country I found a cure. That was twenty-five years ago, and to-day I have no signs of breathing troubles despite my age.

The remedy I discovered I named Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me), and I want every sufferer from breathing troubles to give it a trial. That they may do so, I have put the price within the reach of all. I implicitly believe in my remedy, and that is why I am so insistent in asking you to try it. I would not attach my name to anything unless I firmly believed that it would accomplish all that I claim for it. So great is my faith in Hyomei, moreover, that I guarantee to return your money if it does not benefit you. (See Coupon below.)

|                                    |                                           |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| If your nose is stopped up.        | If you have head noises.                  |
| If you have headaches.             | If your throat is dry.                    |
| If your voice is dull or harsh.    | If you are tired on rising.               |
| If your eyes often water.          | If you have a short, hacking cough.       |
| If you sleep with your mouth open. | If you have much discharge from the nose. |
| If crusts form in the nose.        | If your sense of smell is affected.       |
| If you catch cold easily.          | If mucus drops into your throat.          |
| If your hearing is affected.       |                                           |

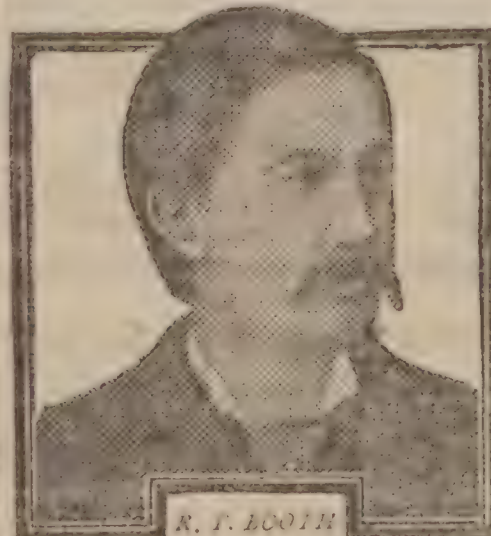
If, in fact, you have one or more of the above symptoms, then there is something wrong with your breathing organs, and it is now that you should get your cure, before the trouble gets worse.

## CATARRH LEADS TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh not only impoverishes the system, lowers the vitality, poisons the stomach, and weakens the mind, but it renders the sufferer irritable, despondent, careless, dull and thoughtless, and in nine cases out of ten, if neglected, it leads to consumption, that dread disease which takes off thousands every year.

## PRAISE FROM OTHERS.

Not only am I myself convinced as to the undoubted superiority and efficacy of Hyomei, but thousands of users in this country have written me within the last two years testifying in no uncertain tones of the remarkable effect that my remedy has had in their cases. Their experience may be yours, but do not be misled by the specious advertisements of people who will apparently say anything and make any claims, however wildly absurd, to sell their nostrums.



R. T. BOOTH  
(Temperance Advocate, Social Reformer, Health Expert, Founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, and Discoverer of Hyomei.)

Remember, no cough mixture, no lozenge, no drops, indeed, no medicine taken into the stomach ever did or ever will cure or even relieve nasal or throat catarrh, influenza, bronchitis, or lung trouble. These troubles threatened my life, and drove me to Australia seeking my cure. I found it there, and called it Hyomei (pronounced Hi-o-me). It cured me twenty-five years ago, to stay cured ever since, and it can cure you. I guarantee this, or return your money. (See Coupon below.)

My Hyomei cures you for the same reason that it cured me. I have so devised the Hyomei Treatment that it gives you in your own homes dried, clean air, filtered and impregnated with cleansing and healing balms, exactly as you would get it and breathe it if you were living as I did in Australia.

That is the fact about the Hyomei Treatment; it gives you the healing Australian air in your own homes. Whether your trouble is in the Head (Nose); with all the horrors of foul and dropping mucus; in the Throat, with constant hacking, soreness, phlegm, and coughing; or in the Lungs, with congestion and constant threat of Consumption, there is not in the world a treatment—at any price, let alone at the low price at which I offer you the Hyomei Treatment—that should be mentioned in the same world as the Hyomei treatment for the relief and cure of the above troubles. R. T. BOOTH.

The Hyomei Outfit for giving Mr. Booth's treatment

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# BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

## IDEALS AND FACTS.

Most of us, even the most conservative, would probably like to see the world run on totally different lines from the present. If only we were Prime Minister, we think, we would introduce all sorts of beneficial reforms.

Unfortunately, the majority of us are not likely to attain to the Premiership, so perhaps it may be more profitable to us to stick to our own particular work, and to do our best in our own sphere, than to indulge in idle dreams of what we would do.

Let it not be thought that I am going to express any views on politics. For one thing the Editor would probably not allow me to do so.

For another I am strongly of opinion that, while politics are of the greatest importance to the business man, the less he identifies himself with one party the better. Every business man naturally favours a proposal which will benefit his own business, and that may lead him to support one party rather than the other, but it need not compel him to rant about that party's infallibility on every other subject.

I happened to see in London on May Day the great Labour procession which marched from the Thames Embankment to Hyde Park, and I could not help feeling that about half the members of that procession could not have given me any sound reason why they had joined it.

Most of them would have trotted out a number of catch-phrases which they had heard repeated over and over again on the public platform, and which represented, no doubt, a very desirable ideal, if not a practical one.

I stood by the side of the road and watched the procession, and I noticed among them, supporting the banner, a difficulty in the wind one side of a banner, a foreign, unwholesome-looking boy, obviously of breath extraction. He was singing, with what revolutionary song, and the tune was the same old German melody to which the song of my own old college had been set.

The almost forgotten tune called up memories of the men I had heard sing it in days gone by, and perhaps that was what called my attention to a very different type of singer before me.

He was obviously merely a puppet in the hands of the organisers of the movement. He had given an afternoon—perhaps a day's pay—to this trading of the streets, but it struck me that he would have been more profitably employed sticking to his work. Or, if he wanted to march, he might more usefully have done it with a rifle on his shoulder in a drill hall.

It is rarely those who are most devoted to such ideals who are most successful in business. For the man who has won his way to a position of importance, it is a different matter. His opinions carry weight and are backed up by experience.

Far be it from me to say that the conditions of labour in this country are ideal or to decry the combination of workers which is often necessary to better them, but too often the dwelling on the ideal produces discontent where there is no real cause for it, and where the wise man would accept the conditions under which he worked, and strive to achieve success as other men have done, instead of devoting his time and thoughts to the propagation of some chimerical ideal which he may never live to see attained.

S. T. YOUNG.

## PIPE RAILWAYS



## FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

### THE NEED FOR CAUTION.

The first meeting of creditors of a certain firm of stock and share dealers took place recently, and provided food for reflection to a great many people who had been lured into mythical stock and share dealings by fraudulent advertisements.

It appears that the man who founded it commenced business but little more than

a year ago under a high-sounding name, with the usual "and Co." tacked on to it.

"Combined Stock Deals" was the name he used in inducing people to send him money, and he admitted that he obtained capital from the public by advertising, and although he guaranteed them against loss, he did not necessarily operate with the capital he obtained.

If this is not obtaining money by false pretences I should like to know what it is.

The debtor seems to have made a very good thing for himself out of this "business," as he admits being fairly successful for four or five months, and three hundred creditors claimed £3,000.

The office of the "firm" in question consisted of one small room, and the rental could not be more than £20 or £25 per annum, and the guarantee against loss of course was worthless, as the total assets of the man running the show amounted to only £2.

In America this man would be criminally prosecuted for utilising the mails for such a purpose, and would be sentenced without the necessity for his dupes—who naturally do not like to admit their folly—having to prosecute or even appear.

The sooner a similar law is passed here the better.

### HOME RAILS.

Home Railways have had a good "shake out," and are all on the upward move again.

At the time of writing, York Deferred are quoted 56½, Dover A 57½, and East London 7½, and all are good purchases. The first three can safely be bought on a five-point margin, and the fourth on a margin of two points.

### AMERICANS.

These shares are better and the big houses on the other side evidently intend keeping prices up at the moment. How long this will last I do not pretend to know; but when support is withdrawn from the market the fall will be considerable, unless there is a revival of trade in the meantime.

### FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Canadas still continue to soar, at the time of writing, but the present price is far too high, and sooner or later there will be a substantial reaction.

Trunks keep steady.

Mexican Rails are also steady, and although the chairman said at the meeting that the results

for the second three months of the current half-year would not, in his opinion, show such substantial increases as the first three months, all the engines would be using oil fuel before June 30th, which would amount to at least 20 per cent. saving in the fuel bill; besides the saving effected in handling oil as against coal.

### RUBBER AND OIL.

Prices show little change; but the shares of sound producing companies are still the most promising investments on the Stock Exchange.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SIABOD" (Blaenau).—Fanti Consols are a fair mining risk at present price.—South Durham Steel and Iron. I don't know much about this company, but I think the present ought to be a fairly good year for iron and steel companies generally, although there are signs of the trade slackening at the moment.—Beaufort Motor Co., Ltd. Sorry I cannot help you.

T. G. B. (Kingston).—Certainly accept the offer. I think you are getting the better of the exchange.

F. C. (Reigate).—A and B are good holdings, C is very speculative, and the others should be held on the off chance of the liquidator being able to obtain better terms from the debenture holders.

W. W. T. (Upton Park).—Do not be frightened out of your holding; the depression is only temporary, and by waiting you are as certain as can be of obtaining a good profit.

L. F. (Ilfracombe).—I like your selection and should advise you to carry it through in spite of adverse criticism.

T. F. R. (Kensington).—There is no likelihood of a fall at present, but you would be well advised to sell.

G. P. (Torquay).—I am not in favour of the mining market, and would rather advise you to substitute Premier Oil and Pipe Line shares for the shares you mention.

"FEATHERS" (Glasgow).—I understand that Way-Halms have been slightly depressed owing to forced liquidation on the part of a large holder who was caught in other markets, but I have not the slightest doubt as to the success of this company's future operations.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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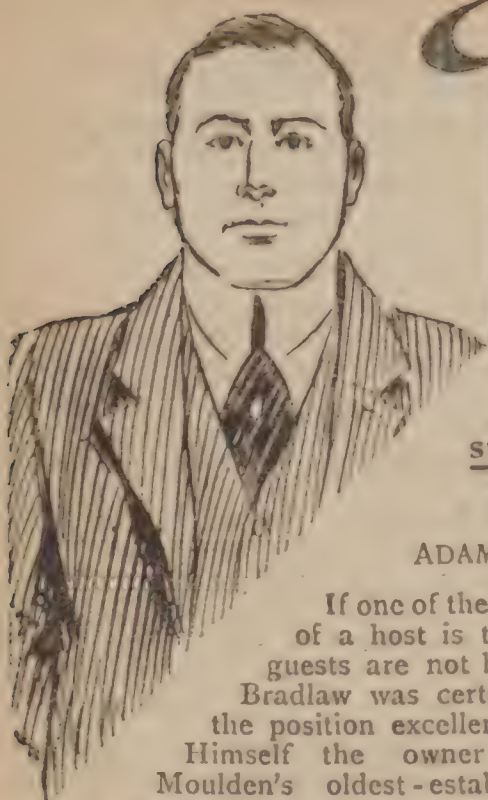
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COMPLETE  
SHORT STORY.

By  
ADAM STERN.

If one of the best attributes of a host is to see that his guests are not bored, William Bradlaw was certainly fulfilling the position excellently that night. Himself the owner of one of Moulden's oldest-established chain works, he had invited three other chain-masters to sup with him—ostensibly for a friendly reason, but in reality with some purpose in his mind; and now, the meal cleared away and drinks and cigars within reach, the three were strenuously engaged in discussing a common grievance.

William Bradlaw sat listening, a cigar in the corner of his mouth, his fat fingers linked over his stomach, seldom speaking unless he was appealed to, and then responding mainly with grunts. He was a nimble-witted man, in spite of his stolid exterior.

"It amounts to this," said Frank Orton, querulous, pessimistic, and insignificant; "we've either got to put a stop to it or see ourselves taking a back seat altogether."

"He's gettin' on a sight too fast for my likin', that's a fact," admitted Sam Gardiner, who was good at agreeing but ill at suggesting anything.

"He's cutting the prices to death," snapped Orton. "Wherever you go it's 'Selby's done better.' . . . Selby's quoted sixpence a hundredweight lower all round. He scarcely misses a thing. I haven't done a tenth of what I ought to do, this last three months."

"Question is—can he execute it all?" put in Jake Thorn, with a touch of vindictiveness in his ferret-like eyes. "If he's simply grabbin' as many orders as he can get, and not thinkin' about delivery, he'll most like find himself in a hole afore long."

"He will that," agreed Gardiner.

"What d' yo' think, William?" inquired Thorn.

"He ain't the sort to take on more than he can manage," answered Bradlaw slowly. "If Richard Selby promised a delivery he'll keep to it."

"But what if he can't?" persisted Thorn.

"He can. Ain't he just bought Wimbridge's works? Ain't his own works ten times bigger than they were at the beginning? And new, up-to-date tackle, all of it!"

"I was thinkin'," began Thorn thoughtfully, "we might get hold of his best hands between us—employ 'em on a special job at higher wages for a time—and perhaps put the stopper on him that way."

"It's been tried," said Bradlaw gruffly. "No good."

"What he's out for," interposed Orton, querulously, "is to get back to where he was before—top dog, and the rest of us nowhere! If he once gets the bulk of the trade in his hands again, there'll be no lucky accident 'ull bring him another cropper. We shall be ousted—and nothing to do but abide by it."

All three with a sort of instinct fixed their eyes upon Bradlaw.

"Ah," he said, and puffed his cigar deliberately.

He betrayed no sign that this was the opportunity he had been waiting for.

"Before that happens," he went on, "we'd best stir ourselves to do something. . . . We must combine."

He gazed at each of them in turn.

"Combine," he repeated. "The trade wants putting on a level basis. Equal prices for all. A Standard List."

His slow enunciation lent the words tremendous emphasis.

"We'll all quote the same and each get a fair share," he continued. "No monopoly. A monopoly's no benefit except to him who controls it. We don't like 'em." He drove fist into palm with a sudden angry energy. "See?" he said.

They realised now that William Bradlaw was uncommonly in earnest.

"Richard Selby ain't going to have it all his own way," he stated. "We can stop him—if we all stand together and say what shall be and what sha'n't be. One man can't hold out against a trade. Not unless he's mighty strong. And though Richard Selby's strong enough for most things, he ain't strong financially. Can't be, the way he's launching out. And it's money that counts."

"Now, it won't do to go to him and say 'Either you quote the same as we're doing or we set about busting you'—for that'd set his back up immediately. He'll have to be approached straight and fair, and I'm the man to do it. Let me tell you this: Richard Selby's no fool; he won't let pride interfere with profit, and if it's made plain to him that he'd lose by being stubborn, he'll come in. He won't stand out for unlimited competition if he's sure we'll see it through to the bitter end, with our united capital against his."

"Now, the one thing necessary"—he paused for the words to sink in—"is Consolidation. . . . I don't move a step without I've got that behind me; and it's for you and the rest to say whether you're prepared to back me up."

"I'm with you, William," said Gardiner in the pause.

"And me, and me," said Orton and Thorn together.

"We'll maybe get a bit of our own back," added Thorn with a chuckle. He had a number of grudges against Selby.

But Bradlaw brushed aside personal animus.

"It's a business move," he said, "and it'll be met in a business spirit. To-morrow, if you're agreeable, we'll meet here again, and I'll have as many of the other makers here, too, as'll come. There won't be many refuse, I guess. Selby's been getting himself pretty generally disliked lately—and I don't wonder at it. He's a sight too big for his boots."

Which, in other words, meant that he was enjoying a prosperity which the rest of his rivals coveted.

"We don't want this matter talked about," warned Bradlaw as his guests were departing. "If Selby knows nothing of what's afoot, he can't be getting up to any counter-move. And I'd rather he didn't hear of it till we've got everything cut and dried."

Nevertheless, rumour is not to be stifled, and before the next day was over Richard had received definite information of what was in the wind.

He stayed at the office late that night.

"To-morrow," he informed his friend Graill, "I'm clearing out for a few days. Don't know exactly when I shall be back."

Let's get everything up to date, so that you won't be over-much bothered while I'm away."

"Where you going?" inquired Graill, sitting down to work again.

"If you don't know, you can't tell anybody," answered Richard. "That plain?"

"Perfectly," said Graill, who smiled at understanding.

"I left for London—if any should be specially curious. William Bradlaw will probably try and pump you. Meet his advances with an air of bland innocence."

"Righto," said Graill.

It was by the early train on Wednesday morning that Richard departed, and Moulden saw no more of him that week.

On Monday at noon, however, he was back again.

"Bradlaw been in?" was his first question on entering the office.

"Every day," said Graill. "And he seemed particularly inquisitive as to your whereabouts. But I managed to stall him off all right. He asked to be telephoned as soon as you returned."

"Let him know I'm here, then," said Richard. "I'll see him any time he likes."

"There's a pile of orders on your desk."

"That's good."

He sat down to glance through them, a quick energy characterising his movements, in his eyes a light which Graill had known of old.

When Bradlaw came in and Richard turned the light was still there, but his manner had become cool and abstracted, not a whit moved from the ordinary.

"Say, Richard," began William Bradlaw and he sat himself down to talk.

He was persuasive in his own commonsense way. Richard was no doubt within his rights in capturing as much of the trade as he could, but it was following a foolish policy to cut down prices to the extent of rendering profits negligible. What he hoped to gain by it? As soon as prices ruled normal again, other makers would come in and get their share of business, and he would be no better off than he had been in the beginning.

"What would do us all good," proceeded William Bradlaw, "would be to put up the prices all round—and stick to it. An Association to maintain a Standard List—and you in it the same as everybody else."

He paused to hear Richard's opinion. "Associations," returned Richard Selby deliberately, "are a frost, William. You never came across one yet where the members didn't dodge the rules by arranging to give a secret rebate to buyers. We're better off acting independently—each man ploughing his own furrow—and . . . well, any who are slow must be content if they're left behind."

"Ah," sighed Bradlaw, feeling for lighting a cigar. A certain dour determination settled on his bovine countenance.

"Y' see," he resumed still pacifically, "what's objected to is that you're trying to plough your furrow through other folk's ground. I can't see why you shouldn't be satisfied to do the same as all of us."

Richard suddenly gave vent to a laugh.

"That's rich," he said. "Do you think that you're attacking the whole scheme of modern commercial conditions? It's your or get out, William, as no one realises better than yourself. Come now! what are your threats? It's those that principally interest me."



"The whole trade," answered Bradlaw, "is united in flushing to the neck, 'is united in' a Standard List. We don't want it, we'd rather you joined us—but don't, we shall try and make you it. It's possible to be too independent. I'd like to remind you, Richard. And if you stand out we shall retaliate in your own coin. We shall undersell you."

"The obvious thing," said Richard. "Undersell you till you're smashed," added Bradlaw, with a calmness almost sinister.

"You'll quote below cost, if necessary. I take it?" said Richard.

"We shall," agreed Bradlaw.

"Right," said Richard indifferently. "Go ahead with it, William."

They both stood up, looking into each other's eyes.

"That your last word?" inquired Bradlaw, stolidly.

"It is," said Richard.

Bradlaw removed his cigar, and, still holding Richard, slowly let out a breath. It was presumed he was resisting an impulse to be violent.

"Well," he said, "then there's no more to be said."

"You've guessed it," assented Richard.

Following day there appeared in the "Moulden News" an advertisement for two chainmakers—"Men of first-rate ability; apply Richard Selby"—and William Bradlaw discovered that after all there was to be said.

And it in the smoke-room of the "Hare andounds," where he chanced to encounter Richard after lunch.

"Won't carry you far, Richard," he said, with a sympathetic shake of the head.

"A yard," agreed Richard, coolly, "is to be drawn."

And to Moulden's astonishment, the men taken on, and, what was more, kept him employed.

"His making stock," growled Bradlaw, "interference with some of his colleagues. Leave him alone and get on and do some of ourselves. Our biggest difficulty is to get out just what prices he's quoting. We've got to get below him, but it will be sort of squandering our forces to underquote by a considerable margin to begin with. I think it better take a run through the country and interview all the biggest buyers. There'll no doubt be one or two of 'em ready to give us information."

He was back, a considerably surprised man, within forty-eight hours. His first call was on Selby.

"You're smart, Richard," he conceded under your feet once you knew what was on. That was what you were up to those few days you went away!—picking up orders from practically every buyer in the kingdom on the strength of an Association which was going to threaten Association," Richard corrected.

Well, what's the difference?" growled Bradlaw, standing and eyeing him. "Anyhow, you made a mistake, and a pretty big mistake. You'll find it before you've done. You said prices were going up. You got all your orders on that assurance. And they're not up; they're going down. Down as deep as Selby, Richard. And I should like to hear of your customers' opinion of you when they know of the business out of 'em by false pretence."

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William Bradlaw sometimes lost his temper, a weakness which caused him much self-reproach afterwards.

"Have you seen the 'Moulden News' to-day?" inquired Richard, with abrupt force. "No? Then read that! You'll see that Ainsworth's taken up the question of a proposed trade war, and he predicts trouble with the men if it's carried to excess. That means he's out to exert his influence on their behalf if occasion demands it—and there's no man better at working up an agitation when he starts on it. Who'll suffer most if there's a strike, do you think? Not myself, who have tied down those two hundred men to stick to me for six months—at a regular wage—but you and the unpopular employers behind you. I've already been requested to attend a meeting of the men, to put before them my views as to what is likely to happen. And what I say will depend upon what is decided by you."

Bradlaw did not speak for several minutes.

"I see," he said at last. "That's the way you've worked it, is it? You and Ainsworth between you. You hit hard, Richard, when you hit at all. . . . I suppose it means the Association's no go. Well, I'm not altogether sorry. They're a weak-kneed lot, the rest. . . . But I'd like to know one thing. How long's this cut-throat policy going to last?"

"Do you imagine I work at a loss?" returned Richard grimly. "It's in production that I get a pull over some of you. Quick output and a minimum of waste. . . . You'll find the trade adjust itself if it's patiently left alone for a bit."

"Yes. Adjusted so as you get the biggest slice of it," agreed Bradlaw, with grim good-humour. "You haven't got it all, that's one comfort. And I hope you never will. But sometimes I seem to think. . . ."

He gave a shake to his heavy shoulders and held out his hand.

"I wish I was your age," he said grudgingly. "I'd show you someat."

[Another of these stories will appear shortly.—EDITOR.]

#### PAVEMENT PESTS.

The manners of the casual selfish person when walking in the streets are again the subject of complaints in many quarters. The worst of all is the wrapped-up creature who will not do his little share of giving way, and who expects the other fellow to do it all, though it may involve a detour into a muddy road, for the other man.

There is a remedy for this. When the obstinate one approaches—he can easily be detected before the critical moment—the shoulder may be made firm, hard, and rigid, and instead of giving way to the selfish one, a collision may be contrived.

The other, being unprepared, will get the worst of it, and in time may mend his objectionable ways—when his shoulder is sore.

## THE MODEL YACHTSMAN.

### A CHARACTER SKETCH OF A HARMLESS ENTHUSIAST.

A little fat man, about fifty, with a grey goatee beard, but whose face is like Peter Pan, because it hasn't "grown up," dashes round a large stretch of ornamental water in Kensington Gardens, waving a long stick.

Little dogs jump away before his furious advance with frightened yelps, small girls hide close to their nurses' skirts, and rude little boys shout out statements to the effect that the old gentleman is "balmy."

Perhaps they are not far wrong. He is a "model yachtsman." By which we mean that though he is not a yachtsman, he certainly is a model—of harmless lunacy.

The object of his anxious scurrying round the pond is a trim little vessel, perhaps three feet long, and rigged after the fashion of one of Sir Thomas Lipton's famous Shamrocks. It has been careering perkily all over the water, and now shows signs of "coming in"; so the old gentleman must be at hand to poke it out again, and prevent it from breaking its precious bowsprit.

He crouches on the bank at the spot where he expects his little craft to land, holding his long stick eagerly forward. But, behold! the saucy vessel has changed her mind, ever feminine, and with a great flapping of white sails has turned and made for the middle of the pond again.

So the enthusiastic "model yachtsman" starts trotting off once more like an aged pantomime fairy, still carrying his magic wand. . . .

Poor old chap! He is an interesting—nay, a pathetic—psychological study. He is a grown man with a child's mind.

His little vessel has obviously cost many pounds; so we presume that he is well off. Possibly in his younger days he was the victim of an over-doting mamma, who kept him from sport, and this is his melancholy way of making up for it in his old age.

F. BIRD.

### Splendid chances for expert workers.

At the present moment, in thousands of offices, workshops, factories and laboratories trained men are wanted. Masters are willing to pay well, men who have technical knowledge that brings business, ensures good work, creates new ideas. If you want this training, this knowledge, this success, simply write the

International Correspondence Schools.

See what a world-famous firm writes:—

"Knowledge is power, and in these days when the labour market is flooded with unskilled labour, technical knowledge such as you impart must be of the utmost value to students."—HAROLD BOWDEN, The Raleigh Cycle Co., Nottingham.

No matter what your position, occupation or means, the I.C.S. can increase your wage-earning capacity. Over 180 courses to choose from, and free assistance to better posts. Thus the I.C.S. assures satisfactory results—and without undue strain on your purse, without interruption of your daily work, without extra charges for books.

Just send this coupon to-day and see!

### SALARY-RAISING COUPON

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.  
Dept. 463, X International Bldg., Kingsway, London, W.C.  
Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the occupation before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here)

—Engineering (state which) —Book-keeping  
—Analytical Chemistry —Business Training  
—Modern Languages —Motor —Aviation  
—Architecture —Civil Service  
Over 180 other courses.

Name.....

Address.....

# THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

## 1911 STRAW HATS.

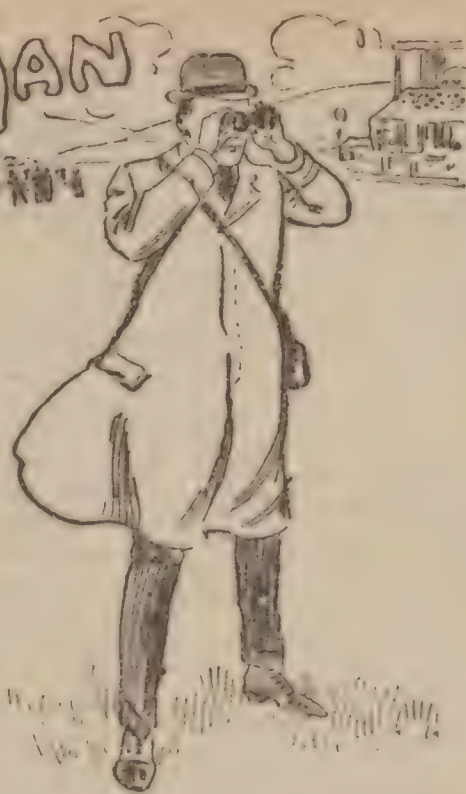
At the time of writing straw hats are more in evidence in the shop-windows than in the streets, but there is no doubt that this year the broad-brimmed straw hat will be much more popular than it has been for years past.

About three or four years ago straw-hat brims were generally worn exceedingly narrow. The effect was certainly not smarter than that of the old-fashioned broad brim, and one of the main objects of the straw hat was done away with. Its lightness remained, but it gave no more shade from the sun than a bowler or a cap of the up-to-date full pattern would have provided.

Last year the wider-brimmed straws were worn by those who are always a little in advance of the fashion, but this year, as a glance at a first-class hatter's window will assure you, they are likely to be worn in far greater quantities.

The narrow-brimmed hat is still obtainable by those who prefer it, but the most popular width for straw-hat brims this year will be about three inches.

As regards the edge of the brim, the serrated edge which for a year or two went completely out of fashion is again in evidence, but it is likely to share the honours about evenly with the smooth brim.



The latter is certainly not so useful if you happen to want to use your straw hat as a boomerang or as a weapon of self-defence, but as most men do not consider such points when buying a hat, they are more likely to be influenced by the fact that the smooth brim is much less likely to get split and knocked about, and is much stronger in every way than the serrated one.

## WHEN BUYING DRESS SHIRTS.

I remember some time ago seeing an advertisement in an American paper in which beside the picture of a young man in immaculate evening dress were words to the effect that there was "no bosom-bulge" on men who wore

So-and-So's shirts.

It takes a Yankee to express things as concisely as that, but every wearer of evening dress has suffered from the "bosom-bulge" at some period or other.

A tab at the bottom of the shirt-front which can be buttoned on to the top trouser button is an excellent expedient for preventing the shirt from bulging out of the waistcoat when you are standing up, but it is of no avail when you are sitting down, and a badly fitting shirt will often give you the appearance of a pouter pigeon if you attempt to assume anything approaching a comfortable position.

Very often the trouble could have been avoided by taking your dress waistcoat with you when you went to buy the shirt.

If you are buying a quantity of shirts or having them made for you, you may be able to prevail on the outfitter to let you try one of them on, but if this is not possible you can at least make sure that the shirt-front is sufficiently large to leave a respectable margin underneath the edge of the waistcoat opening. The real cause of a shirt bulging out is generally the fact that it is not wide enough for the dress waistcoat.

If you happen to have put on a shirt that bulges in this way, the trouble can often be remedied by fixing the linen at each side with a safety-pin to the braces, which will thus make the front lie flat.

Another alternative is to have two tapes sewn on at each side of the shirt front, and to tie them fairly tightly at the back before you put on your waistcoat.

## A TRAVELLING COMPANION.

While we are on the subject of dress shirts, I may mention a friend of mine which has accompanied me on many journeys.

I am not as a rule fond of any sort of sham dress, and I am supremely thankful that the days of the "dicky" and detachable cuffs are past. But I did purchase some years ago a detachable shirt-front which is put on over the shirt, being fixed to the collar-stud under the collar, and having a stud-hole in the centre and an elastic round the back.

I think I have worn it once, but I rarely travel without it. It takes up no room at all, and it may have its uses.

It is often difficult to tell when you are going away exactly how many dress shirts you will want. And if you find you have underestimated the amount you may be in rather a fix.

That is where the extra shirt-front comes in as a last resource. You cannot appear in a dress shirt of which the front is soiled, but the cuffs are more easily hidden.

The one occasion on which I was reduced to using my fake shirt-front was during a hurried visit to Italy, when some experience of Continental porters had made me vow to take only hand luggage.

So I found myself on the last night of my stay without a clean dress-shirt to wear. But I very much doubt if anyone in that Italian hotel spotted that I was wearing last night's shirt with a fake shirt-front over it—or whether they very much cared if they did.

Remembering how it helped me out on that occasion I always carry my old friend with me when I travel, for although I am not a Boy Scout, I do believe in "being prepared."

## TURNED-UP TROUSERS.

There is a certain type of person who is in the habit of railing against the fashion of turning up the trousers as a foolish and useless custom.

He can very seldom give you any valid reason why you should not turn up your trousers if you like to. He contents himself with saying that there is no reason why you should, at least in dry weather.

**Your Coronation Suit**  
Why not let  
**McKinley**

make it, and support true British Labour? The very best of British workmanship is put into a McKinley suit. Expert, well-paid cutters, fitters and finishers with West-End training and experience, and the best of Genuine Scotch and English materials combine to uphold the McKinley reputation, and the result is, as always, PERFECTION.

**You cannot buy better than the best, and we offer you only the best.**

**35/-**  
**42/-**  
and  
**50/-**

To Measure.  
No Extras.

**Write to-day for our magnificent Coronation range of Patterns, comprising Serges, Worsteds and Tweeds, the products of the best British mills. They will be sent Free, together with our "Booklet M.N." Fashion Plates, tape measure, and the McKinley scientific self-measurement chart, which enables anyone to take measures as accurately as an experienced tailor. Gentlemen residing in, or visiting, London should call.**

**C. & G. McKINLEY (Tailoring Dept.), 7, Gresham St., London, E.C.**

# Let us keep you smart.

Ordinarily your new suits soon lose their smartness and look creased and shabby. But if you let Achille Serre scientifically dry-clean and tailor-press them from time to time the new suits will look new and smart till quite worn out. And even old suits can be made to look new again at a cost of only 3/9.

Write to-day for post free booklet, "Pride of Dress," and learn how to effect an economy in your tailor's bills.

## Achille Serre

(Nettoyage à Sec), Limited,

—White Post Lane,  
Hackney Wick, London.

(Phone 1265 East.)

And Branches and Agencies throughout London and the Provinces. Address of nearest sent on application.

It should be sufficient answer to say that it is the fashion, for fashions rarely come into being without some reason behind them. It is noticeable, however, that when a pair of trousers has begun to go baggy at the knees, it often looks far worse if the bottoms are not turned up than if they are. Why this should be, I do not know, unless it is that the excessive width at the knee is counterbalanced by the "turn-up" at the bottom. Another point which may have something to do with it, is the fact that the bottom of the trouser no longer rests on the foot, and the weight of the material helps to keep the trouser in shape. But trousers that are to be worn turned-up, should always be pressed turned-up, for otherwise they will never sit properly at the ankles.

**MANUFACTURER'S CUT PRICES.**

Price **5/9**  
Gives an elegant crease. Carriage paid.

Save you 50%. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, Handsome Polished Oak or Dark Birch, Fittings. Powerful steel crossbars. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. days approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Unpolished. Send for Illustrated List, Free.

**LIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.**

# PURE WOOL SUITS

TO MEASURE FROM **23/6.**

Even our lowest price Suit has been valued by customers the world over at £3. 3s.

It is well known that London is the centre of Fashion for men's clothes. If you live at a distance you need not actually make the journey—we will send the clothes to you, as we are now doing to men all over the world. "Curzon" Suits are made by experts; the fit is guaranteed. There is style and grace in every garment turned out by the House of Curzon.

**ONE SILVER AND TWO GOLD MEDAL AWARDS**  
Send Postcard for FREE Patterns.

Together with patterns, we send you fashion plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned in Full.

**CURZON BROS.**  
(Dept. 142) 60-62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.  
West End Depot: Pembroke House, 133-5, Oxford Street, W.  
Those residing in London should call.

**CLOTH EVER BEST. EVERY SATISFACTION GIVEN.**

Best-made Suits from.....26s. 6d. to 55s.  
Suit Lengths from.....3s. to 9s. yard.  
Patterns and full Particulars Free.

**C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, Huddersfield.**

**PERFECT — FITTING — CYCLING SUITS 16/9**

**NORFOLK JACKET & BREECHES**

11/6, 14/6, 16/9, 19/9, 22/6, 25/-, 28/-, 30/6, 33/-.

**READY MADE.**

**JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD., 117, & 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.**

**WRITE FOR PATTERNS.**

**STOCK SIZES, 34 to 42in. Chest.**

**SPRING CATALOGUE POST FREE.**  
Please mention MODERN MAN.

# Coronation Royal Blue SERGE LOUNGE SUIT.

The greatest achievement in Tailoring during the Coronation Year.

Every loyal subject will do his best in his own way to celebrate the Coronation.

We are doing our part by producing our Coronation suit at a price which has never been approached in connection with a suit of such cloth and such workmanship.

The price is

**40/-**

The material, in honour of our Sailor King, is

## ROYAL BLUE SERGE.

Owing to the exceptional size of our order, we have secured a stock of this serge at a price which makes it possible for us to produce our Coronation suit at such a low figure.

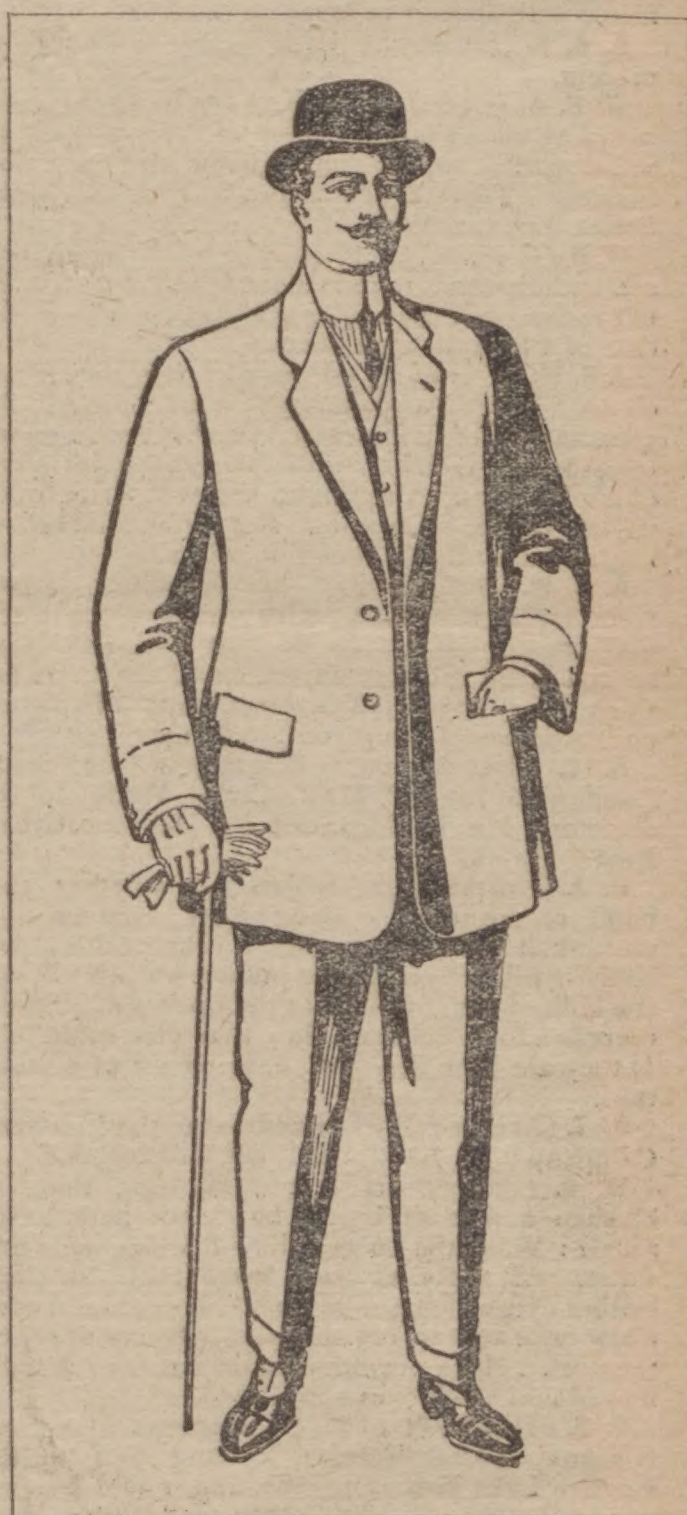
This Royal Blue Serge is thoroughly shrunk, and is warranted not to fade in colour. So confident are we of its merit that

**We guarantee 2 years' wear.**

We can fit you by post, if you cannot call, and we guarantee to give you an exact fit.

**If you are not satisfied with the suit, return it to us, and we shall return your money in full without question or dispute.**

Write to-day for free patterns and self-measurement form, which will be sent free to any address. If you are in London, call and see the Royal Blue Serge in the piece.



**J. & H. ELLIS,**  
**20, Farringdon St., London, E.C.**  
(Close to Ludgate Circus).

## BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

**A. H. (Blackburn).**—For a mile race on a grass track you should certainly wear spikes. During warm weather grass becomes very slippery, especially if the track is at all uneven, and you must have spikes to get a grip of it. For road work, of course, spikes are out of the question.

**J. D. M. (Sheffield).**—To get rid of blackheads, wash the skin thoroughly and frequently, and purify the blood by getting as much outdoor exercise as you can, and by eating plenty of vegetables.

**A. C. BEARD, 44, Hillary Street, Leeds,** would like to meet local readers of this paper.

**J. L. (Grimsby).**—The address of the Civil Service Commission is Burlington Gardens, London, W.

**H. W. (Dublin).**—Puttee leggings are out of favour at the present time. Better get a pair that fasten with springs or laces up the front.

**A. S. G. (Finsbury Park).**—No vacancy at present.

**W. H. A. (Doncaster).**—If you write to the commanding officer of the Legion of Frontiersmen he will doubtless supply you with the desired information. Their headquarters address is 7, John Street, London, W.C.

**W. D. (Greenock).**—It is believed by many that sea-bathing tends to reduce the speed of a sprinter, but there is not the slightest objection to it in the case of a long-distance runner.

**J. R. W. (Aberdeen).**—It is now very difficult to obtain a post on a rubber plantation, owing to the great amount of public interest that has been directed towards this industry, with the consequent shoal of applications. You might, however, write to the various rubber companies. Remember that rubber is grown chiefly in unhealthy places.

**A. E. W. (Rotherhithe).**—It is almost impossible for a man with "a little artistic talent" to make money by it. To do that you want very special talent in these days. Certainly we do not think your suggested enlargements of picture postcards would bring you anything.

**A. L. (Kennington).**—Better join the South London MODERN MAN Club. Write to the secretary, Mr. M. McIntosh, 28, Derwent Grove, East Dulwich.

**H. J. (Northampton).**—You ask whether your habit of spending evening after evening at a music-hall is likely to injure your health; probably it will, as you are an indoor worker. Spend the bulk of your off time in the open air. Surely there is a local harriers club that you could join. If they are keen they will have plenty of evening runs.

**G. T. (Aberdeen).**—The address of the Lin-Gloss Company is 32, Sandrock Road, London, S.E.

**W. G. (Batley).**—It is not an easy thing to blacken a pair of brown boots, but here is the recipe: Wash the boots well with strong soda and water, and apply at least three coats of black leather dye, which can be bought at your saddler's; allow each coat to dry thoroughly before applying the next. Have the brown hooks and eyelets removed and black ones substituted.

**D. G. HENDERSON, of 77, St. George's Mansions, Glasgow,** contemplates a cycling tour in the English Lake District in June, and would be glad to communicate with any other reader who would care to join him.

**H. R. (Battersea).**—Get one of the older members of your company to give you some instruction in the handling of a rifle. This will help you tremendously in making a decent show in your recruit drills, and will save you from the humiliation of feeling that you are awkward and slow at learning. Every man is awkward with a rifle at first.

**D. F. B. (Orange River Colony).**—We cannot undertake to purchase sporting guns for you.

To ask a friend to buy a gun for you is as likely to sever friendship as to ask him to buy you a horse, for he will never quite meet your requirements.

**A. G. (Warrington).**—An advertisement in one of your local papers will bring you plenty of replies as to week-end quarters.

**S. T. R. (Cardiff).**—The demand for mechanics in Canada is very good during the spring and summer months. Those who emigrate now have a chance of saving money and getting accustomed to the country before the winter comes, when work is not so plentiful.

**C. G. B. (Manchester).**—It is useless to come to London because you cannot find work in your

own city, and to imagine that you have only to look for a situation to get one. There are more men seeking in vain for employment here than anywhere else.

**N. W. G. (Watford).**—Probably your friend did not know what he was taking on. The firm is, in our opinion, perfectly honest.

**W. W. (Walsall).**—Write to the registrar of the parish in which your father was born, and ask for a copy of the birth certificate.

**E. C. B. (Poole), H. C. (Bury St. Edmunds), E. G. (Chester), C. F. A. (Barry), J. McD. (Southport), T. F. (Melrose), A. B. (Belfast), O. S. (Axminster), F. M. (Dorking), G. T. D. (Bedford), C. G. (Glasgow), J. M. T. (Rawal Pindi), D. R. (Oxford).**—Thanks to you.

## ON TUBS, TUBBERS &amp; TUBBING.



The world is coming round to a doctrine I have taught for more years than I care to remember—the questionable virtue of the daily cold tub.

There are many things over which the world runs on in muddle-headed snobbery, and divides itself into classes—those who do and those who don't.

One of our modern snobberies is the cult of the bath. Society divides itself into two classes—those who wash daily and those who don't. Mr. Stephen Reynolds says in "The Poor Man's Home"—"There is to-day a greater social gulf between the man who takes his morning tub and him who does not, than the man of wealth and family, and him who has neither. . . . For the cult of religion and pedigree, we have substituted the cult of soap and water."

All this is true and vastly amusing to think on. But while it is pleasant to be well sluiced daily, the masculine Venus of the soap suds need not put on "side" over the matter. Like a lot of snobbish notions, the doctrine of the tub is not quite so true as some people think.

And it is not nearly true enough to justify the well-tubbed in feeling so surprisingly superior to the ill-tubbed or the un-tubbed.

Indeed a man who tubs daily may not be so clean as the blacksmith who perhaps only tubs weekly—indeed, isn't. He may smell a little more of soap, and show it in pink rotundity and frank superiority, but he is not half so clean.

His pores may simply be clogged with soap, and soap-clogged pores only means dirt in the form of dubious grease.

Exercise is the great natural cleanser. That is why hard-working men are clean. Bodily cleanliness comes from the open pores, and the only

natural means of keeping the pores open is by physical exertion.

Free perspiration cleanses from the inside. It opens the pores and allows them to exhale the poisons of the blood.

One may scour with suds and scrubbing brushes and still be dirty; or one may be a blacksmith working the hammer "with measured beat and slow," and by the sweat upon his brow and body achieve the highest grade of cleanliness.

But few people nowadays work with their muscles sufficiently to keep themselves clean. I have been saying this for years.

There is one way of keeping clean by inducing regular and free perspiration by means of the Gem Turkish Bath, and it is by the Home Turkish Bath that the average man of sedentary life can be really clean.

Half an hour in my Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet does give real cleanliness—skin cleanliness, blood cleanliness, the cleanliness of a properly flushed system.

There is no other way for the man of sluggish habits. To keep well he must clean from within by means of the Vapour Bath, and the easiest way of taking a Vapour Bath is by using my Gem Cabinet.

People are beginning to recognise that now. The gospel of real bodily cleanliness is better understood to-day, and is becoming a fashionable cult. That is why I am selling every day more Gem Turkish Bath Cabinets than ever I have done before.

Bodily cleanliness, the cleanliness of the open pore, means not only comfort, but also is the best safeguard to health and the best means of regaining lost health. You can learn now by actual test the real cleanliness that comes only from the regular use of the Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet.

On receipt of a ten-day post-dated Money Order for 35s., I am willing to send you one of my Gem Cabinets. You can test this Cabinet in the privacy of your own home, and, if not satisfied that what I claim is true, you can return the Cabinet within seven days of its receipt, and I will refund your money.

## THE TURKISH BATH MAN.

THE MODERN MAN.

## The Gem Supplies Co., Ltd.

(Desk 18).

22, PEAR TREE STREET, GOSWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

Enclosed please find Money Order value 35/-, for which send me a No. 1 Bath Cabinet complete on the understanding that if not satisfied, I can return the Cabinet within ten days, and you will refund my money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

# Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason. In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed & Co. with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

## DRESS.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted tweed jacket, chest 34in., under sleeve 19in., brown brogues 8½, safety razor.—Particulars Box 4544, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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The McKinley "Mac," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes; and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

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Dark grey morning suit, silk lined coat, Hanover Square tailor, back 15½in., chest 40in., inside leg 31½in., waist 37in., 30s.; also dark brown tweed knicker suit, back 17in., waist 38in., 12s. 6d.—Box 4551, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Barberry's gabardine breeches, semi-riding shape, waist 31in., fork to knee 16in., round below knee 13in., perfect condition, cost 2 guineas; 15s.—Box 4550, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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For sale. Steven's rifle, 25'20, 300 yards range, Leyman's orthopic sights, good condition, cost £6, would exchange for good Min. rifle '22.—Box 4543, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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